Saturday Review

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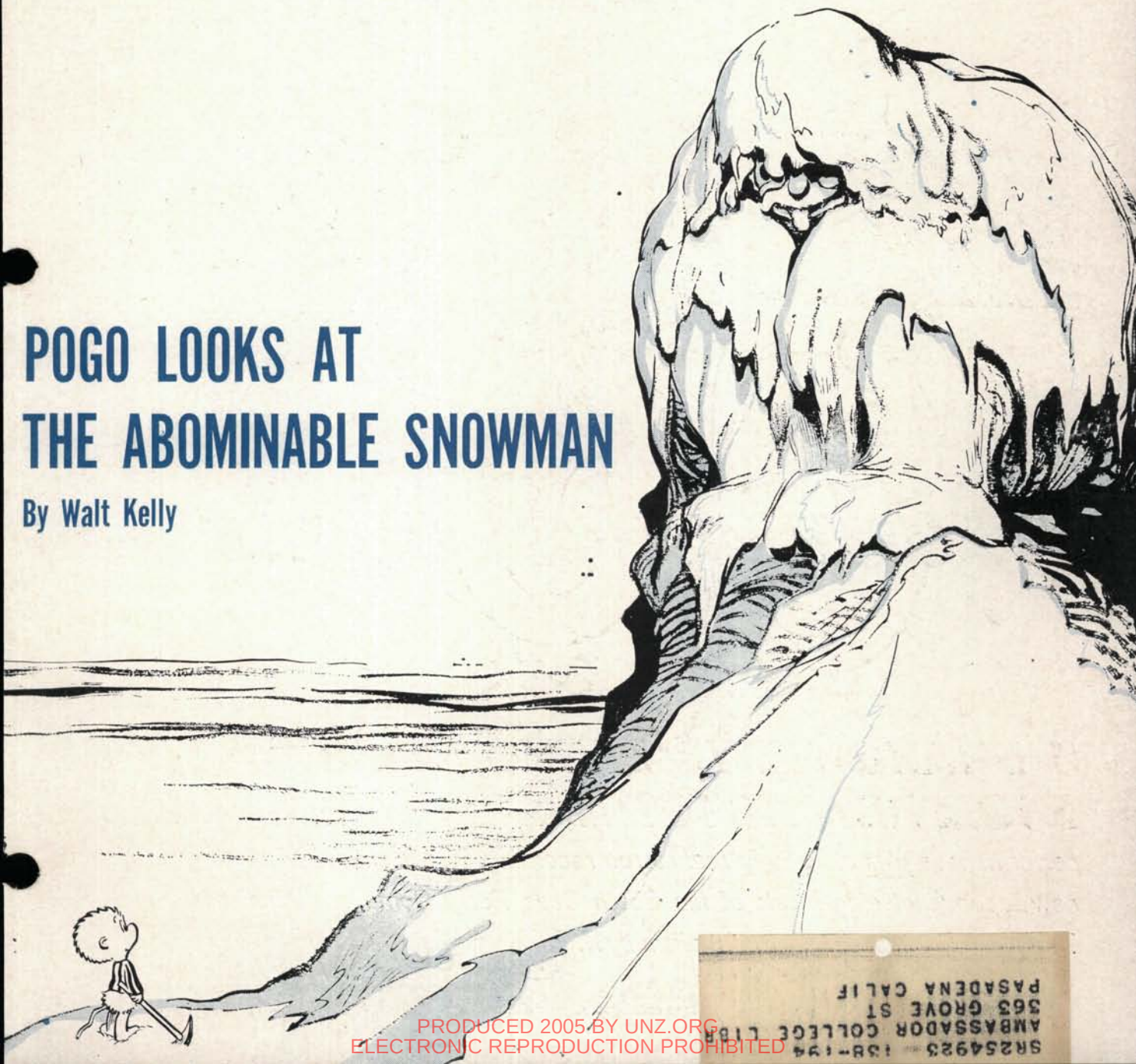

POGO LOOKS AT THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

By Walt Kelly

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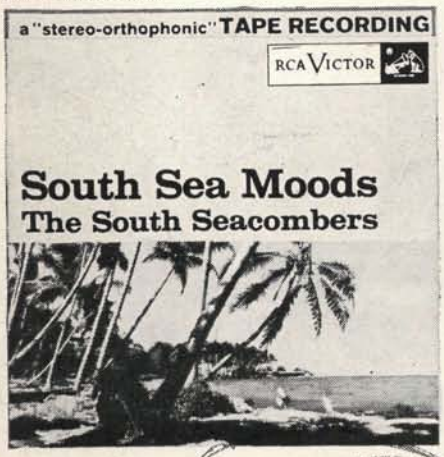

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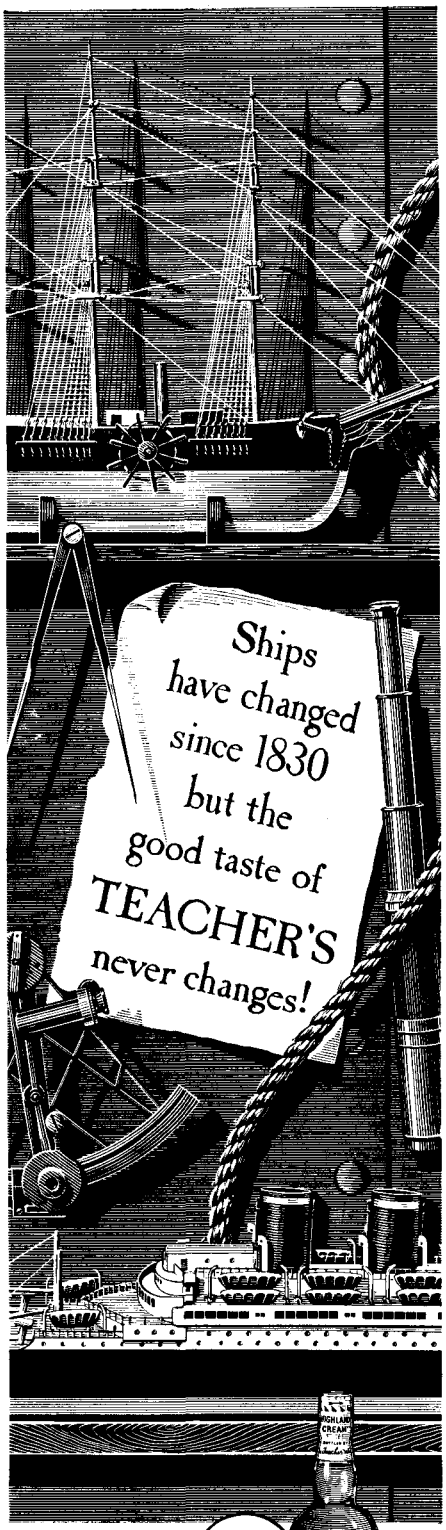

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TRADE Winds

A CHARMING MAN named Billy Pearson, whose profession is riding horses and whose hobby is art, has just published a book about himself called "Never Look Back" (Simon and Schuster). I found it a lot of fun to read, especially since, having met Billy, I could hear him telling it to me as I went along. Billy is one of those fascinating fellows who has won and lost fortunes, as they say. He wins them riding the horses or on the quiz show where he answers questions about his hobby, and he loses them at the gaming tables, I presume.

The first time he won $64,000 he needed it. That night there was a celebration in an apartment, during which, for reasons that have not been explained to me, the check itself became frozen in the bottom of an ice tray. Apparently there was some drinking going on. The next morning, when the check was exhumed, the ice broke, as did the check inside. In the ensuing confusion, one half was popped in the toaster, and the other was held before a fan. One half, then, was all crinkly and the other was limp and wet.

Pearson and a friend then proceeded to the fancy Fifth Avenue bank which handles the account. As they passed the open door of the vault, which can be seen from the street, the jockey peered through the plate glass and said, "I don't see the money."

Once inside, they were ushered in to a fine office, where the formalities of verifying the authenticity of the beat-up check were concluded. At

that point, the bank explained in detail about a nifty plan where you could invest the money and have an income for life. ("About $19.50 a month!" snorts Billy, when he thinks of it today.)

He demanded cash and sent his friend across the street to a hat store for a box to carry his winnings in. The bankers were so upset by this development that Billy became suspicious and asked them whether they had that much money or not.

"Of course," was the indignant reply. "How do you want it?"

As Billy and his amigo walked out of the door, the bankers rushed to the phone and notified the agency that runs the show that for the first time in history a winning contestant, instead of investing in the gilt-edged plan, had taken cash.

"And he's walking uptown right now," they breathed heavily into the telephone, "with the money inside a hatbox with flowers painted on it and tied with a ribbon!"

Envisioning horrible publicity, the agency commandeered four men and assigned them the job of intercepting Pearson as he, well satisfied with his lot, mingled with the crowds. The men moved down the east and west sides of Madison and Fifth Avenues. Billy, of course, was on Sixth Avenue, which is the street to walk on if you happen to be a jockey with sixty-four G's in cash in a hatbox.

A DONOR'S PROTEST

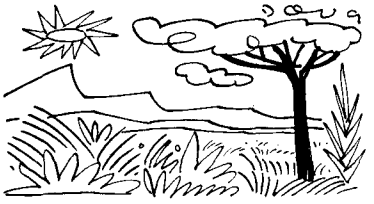
By Charles Degen

You give to this, you give to that,
You answer all alarms.
Then one fine day you get fed up
And say, "Farewell to alms."

SR'S AFRICAN issue (July 19) prompted a letter from Alan Paton, who writes that Michael Myerberg, the producer, is having a film script prepared from "Too Late the Phalarope," and the motion picture will probably be made next year in England and Africa. Mr. Paton writes further: "At the moment I am writing a booklet for the Pall Mall Press in London on Liberalism in South Africa, and we are about to travel by car the fantastic distance of about 3,600 miles to see the Mountains of the Moon, and I shall probably write a piece about them and about Lake Kivu and the volcanoes. Many people think it is the most beautiful part of Africa. When I return I shall be free for some time from political duties, having been relieved of the National Chairmanship of the Liberal Party, and I hope to finish a musical play which is almost done and which is situated in one of the slums of Durban. I also hope to begin on the Life of Hofmeyr.

"You asked me about censorship. At the moment there is none in South Africa on books produced in this country, but each week publications from abroad are held up. These would fall into two classes—filth, and undesirable material, *i.e.*, material that advocates Communism, Liberalism, or progressive ideas, especially when they relate to the race question. It is left to a Board of Censors to decide what books are undesirable, and there is no appeal from their judgment. It is fully expected that the Government may attempt to interfere with the press. It dislikes the English press in particular and considers it has done a great deal to cause racial animosity, particularly against the Afrikaner and the Government.

"If it were not so unpleasant it would be fascinating to watch how people like myself who do not believe



in racial discrimination are accused of causing racial hostility when we attack the doctrines of *apartheid*. I am sure that similar charges are made in Georgia and Mississippi. At any rate, you will see from what I write that I can still write what I like, and in fact I write regularly for our new Liberal paper, *Contact*. This is not a Fascist country, and in many ways it is still quite free, but of course do not forget that I belong to the privileged ruling class and therefore still enjoy considerable liberty."

WHEN BANTAM BOOKS came out with a paperback edition of Doubleday's "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" it was the first time (some said) that a reprint was published while the original was still on the best-seller list. It happened because the deal specified that the book could be reprinted so many months before the movie was released, and now Fox is getting ready to do that. (The book has been a terrible failure, really. It's only made $1,000,000 for Shulman, that's all.) So someone at Bantam, identified only as "We," interviewed the unhappy author.

WE: Mr. Shulman, how did you happen to take up writing?

MAX: I was too short to steal.

WE: No, seriously, Mr. Shulman. For example—your first book was that great best seller "Barefoot Boy with Cheek." Tell us how that came to be published.

MAX: Well, that was a curious thing. I was sitting at the machine

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one day trying to get my speed up to sixty wpm and my pages fell on the floor and my wife gave them to the paper drive and the next thing I knew it was a book.

WE: Speaking of your wife, I understand you have a large family.

MAX: No! It's small, but there are a lot of them, one small wife, three small sons and one small daughter.

WE: What is the locale of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!"?

MAX: It is laid in a fictitious village in Connecticut, called Putnam's Landing.

WE: And where do you live, Mr. Shulman?

MAX: I live in another fictitious village in Connecticut, called Westport, which is served by a fictitious Railroad called the New York, New Haven, and Hartford.

WE: Well, tell us, do you have any particular writing habits?

MAX: Yes, I always do the first draft in sand with a pointed stick.

WE: And how long was "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!"?

MAX: Three and a half miles.

WE: Well, if you had it to do all over again, would you have written it differently?

MAX: Yes, I would have changed the ribbon.

WE: Do you have any words of advice for young writers.

MAX: I certainly do. Marry money!

BOB DE HAVEN of WCCO in Minneapolis sends me some translations:

"One moment, please—." An announcer finds his mouth and mike open but doesn't happen to know what comes next.

"An interlude of music—." Nothing to broadcast until the next program.

"Don't call us; we'll call you." You'll not get a call.

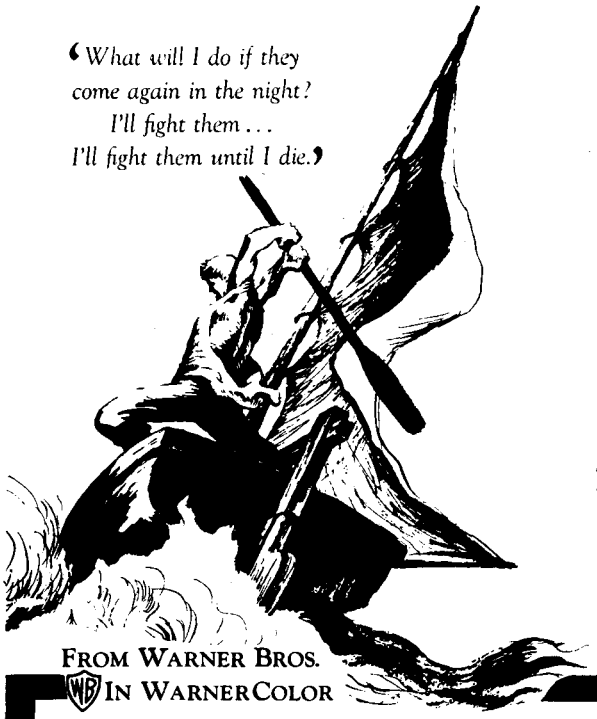
"The publicity will do you a lot of good." The station wants you to do something for nothing.

"My good friend here—." Referring to a person you met three minutes ago.

"The most—." Usually the least.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

"What will I do if they come again in the night? I'll fight them... I'll fight them until I die."



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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 30, 1958

POGO LOOKS AT THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

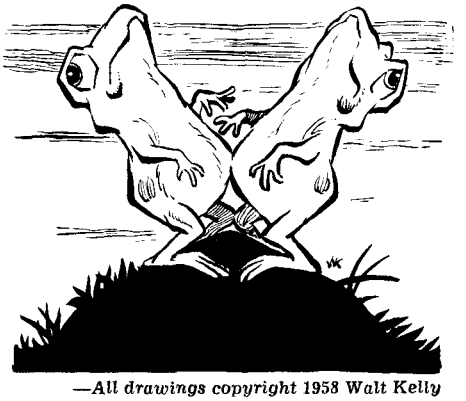
By WALT KELLY

IN these days, when most of our heads seem rising to some sort of peak, and while summit conferences wax and wane in the manner of everybody's moon, it will be a good idea to remember the two frogs. You will recall that they lived in neighboring towns and they started out, each heading toward the other, both intent upon seeing what sort of land lay beyond the hill that separated their homelands. They met at the summit and each stood erect for a quick preview of the place he'd like to see. Naturally, with their eyes on the tops of their heads, like respectable frogs everywhere, each frog's gaze projected backward along the route that he had taken. So, with a certain amount of grumbling and complaint, they decided to return to their homes. "For," as one said to the other, "everything in your country is exactly as it is in mine."

Of course, each had again looked at his own land, and the miracle of the story lies not in the fact that both were fooled, but that from such a vantage point neither had seen anything strange, wonderful, or new about his home country. Presumably, neither had seen his country from the top of a hill before. Both frogs, for their entire lives, had been having a frog's-eye view of their homelands, a view that leaves something to be desired by those of us who are not professional frogs.

Perhaps the proper summit for the study of mankind and frogkind exists within every one of us. Maybe the great final joke will prove to be that in our search for the summit we never explored the crags of our individual consciences. This will be a sad development, for the view must be fine and the echoes poignant.

There is at the top of any international or worldwide effort to bring about understanding, that symbol of our cold war, the Abominable Snowman of Ignorance, who is but dimly seen.



—All drawings copyright 1958 Walt Kelly

Everything that we really know about the actual mythical Abominable Snowman is the nothing of hearsay. He is a handful of the feathers of rumor straight from the top of the world in the Himalayas, rumors which have him a last frontier of the imagination, a beast man, apparently living on snow, two or three to eight feet in height, reddish haired, apemanlike and given to plaintive howling in a windswept wilderness. Natives of the region have claimed they've seen him in terror-filled nightmares. Photographs have been taken of a flat-footed track in the icy surface of the mountain. Someone, a man reputedly of repute, has displayed a cap made from the scalp of an Abominable Snowman. That very name is a thing of controversy; in the native tongue it means "smelly" according to some, rather than formidable.

The Abominable Snowman who roosts above world diplomacy, brooding over all of man's attempts to deal with man, is much the same creature. A beast born of ignorance, a Frankenstein of folly, a folly born of the fool's fear, ours. He intimidates our understanding of our neighbors. He darkens our dimwitted probings of

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THE MOST DISTINGUISHED *little critter to roam U.S. comic pages since the late George Herriman's Krazy Kat is Pogo —a fuzz-pated, parsnip-nosed, grandiosely ungrammatical possum. Pogo's creator is Walt Kelly, a Philadelphia-born, horn-rimmed leprechaun who conceals a biting brain behind a demeanor as soft as an Irish mist. At forty-five, Kelly calls himself the "oldest boy cartoonist in the game," a disarmingly modest remark for one whose talents are being syndicated, at last count, to 519 newspapers and 44,560,000 devoted Pogo followers. Pogo ostensibly is a homespun creature of the Okefenokee swamp, but readers have noted that, whereas Krazy Kat's interests were parochial and timeless, Pogo's are worldwide and sizzlingly contemporary. Just where Kelly stops and Pogo begins is anybody's guess. The accompanying article may have been written by either. Kelly says the vision of his Abominable Snowman came to him during a recent globe-girdling project on behalf of Pan-American World Airways. His travels have led Kelly to conclude that "those who do not believe in humans are in error. I know they exist, science to the contrary."*

—ROBERT OFFERGELD.

---

ourselves. Understanding neither our neighbors nor ourselves, we exhaust our energies tracking the oversimplified myths of our divided world.

Perhaps those of us who meet (with a certain amount of grim surprise) the stranger at the summit should come prepared to learn that his home is very much like our own, and our own very very different from what we think. There is not room enough on the horn of Mount Dilemma for us, the frogs, and him, the Abominable Snowman, the glacial child of our cold-hearted war. Fear and ignorance make poor company for gentle laughter.

After a lumpy lifetime of searching for the hilarious truth in others, any rickety raconteur is delighted to find that he need not go outdoors to discover the drollness and frailty of man. In fact, the best bits of boobery can be found within oneself. If humorous writers could not find anything in ourselves to laugh at we would be in a bad way, for as our knowledge of other peoples has grown, so has diminished our sense of faith in our jokes about them. The petty fussbudget directors of our true national wealth—our sense of humor—have so intimidated the callow, the shallow, and the yellow that too many of us are afraid to laugh at ourselves, our enemies, or our friends. The footprints that we have seen in the sky, created by two or three foreign bodies, indicate something that some have suspected all along: somebody else is on the island with Robinson Crusoe. The Snowman and we are not alone.

As a result of the Sputniks, one of the greatest pieces of damage, aside from that to our pride and sense of security, was the wholesale havoc that new respect for the Russians did to our lunchtime humorists. There were about four sets of witty stories that were run over each day by this group, a racy band of high colored, flashy cufflinked chaps. The first set has sex as a theme. The second set has TV and/or sex as a motivating force. The third set has Texas and/or sex. The fourth set had Russia and/or nothing.

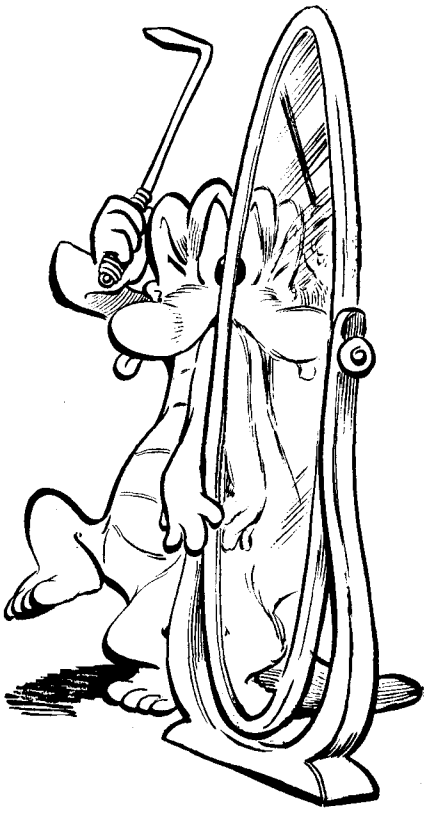
The stories about TV are understood by a few insiders and many bitter outsiders. The stories about Texas are understood by bitter outsiders. The stories about sex are understood by few if any (nobody is a real insider), but this doesn't make any difference providing the teller uses plenty of high hard words.

The stories about Russia were understood by nobody but got the most laughs because they were always about the other guys. Now that soft stuff won't work anymore. Our stories about the Russians were not so much to give us comfort as they were evidence of our secure and generous natures. We delighted in furthering beloved myths, namely that a would-be suicide lying on the railroad tracks in Moscow has to carry a loaf of bread, because, as the suicide would explain: "Before a train comes along in this country you could starve to death"; that if a Russian is questioned closely about the rumor that he has elaborate subway stations and no train service, he counters with something like, "And what about Little Rock?"

But now we have had to abandon a lot of our conceptions about Russians, such as that they are the kind of people who do not put water in the radiators of trucks and when they do it is gasoline. It has been a bitter blow to the Abominable Snowman. The man of easy humor has been put on his mettle. The run-of-the-mill jokester in the USA will find out what it means to be a pro. He will have to get up at night and think. He will have to worry his wife. He must learn to stop at nothing, and he must learn to laugh at nothing save hi own work, for there is not much ready to swipe in this new "demand" line.

It may not seem to some that there is something comic about the tragic. A number of us so-called humor mechanics, operating in the vacuity of laziness we so often mistake for inspired genius, roll over every once in a while (probably to keep from being buried for dead) to intone that a thin line separates the tragic and the comic. But, in fact, for the mechanic (and who so dares call himself an artist by intimating he associates with other artists should get back to the vineyard and crawl around watching the grapes grow . . .) there is only one face to the whole picture of life. It is neither comic nor tragic but both; and the observer can be said to be a whole man by how much of each he allows into his eye. The wry humor of tragedy can make a cynic of man or the inability to see the comic can make him a stoic. Embracing either aspect as the whole truth can make many things of any man, but it will probably not make him whole

The terrifying figure of this Abominable Snowman of Ignorance broods over any attempt to get to the summit



"To view darkly his neighbors through the glass of his own mind."

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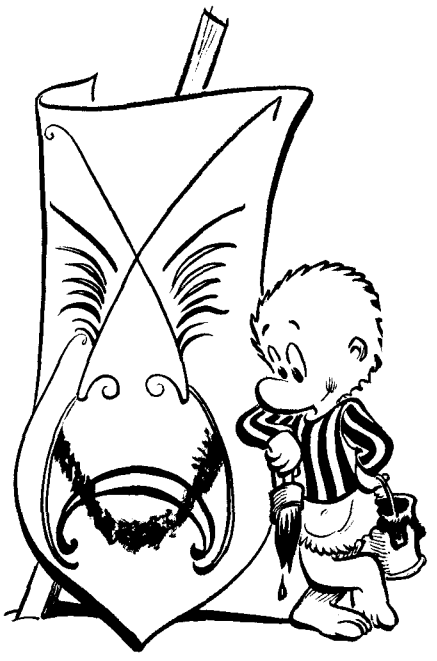

"There is only one face to the whole picture of life. It is neither comic nor tragic but both."

of man's aspirations. He is terrifying because out of ignorance grows fear. Yet he is a comic figure, for he fits a basic pattern set by those pundits who have evolved the requirements for the component parts of the formula which equals the merry hah-hah. One: he is ridiculous, that is to say incongruous; two: he is not what he seems; three: he is unlike us, or so we would have it. Incongruity is a treasured item in the tool bag of the jokesmith. Things that are not what they seem lead to mistaken identity and other cherished routines. People or things unidentifiable with ourselves or our customs have won a hallowed spot for themselves in the history and the dogma of all worried mirthmakers.

This ugly figure at the peak is of course ridiculous because he exists at all. Perhaps we of the West can take heart in the fact that, so far as we know, we are not actively engaged in the business of keeping ignorance alive, or even of fostering it. Would that the same could be said for the people on the other side of the chess table. Certainly the stories of ignorance of the outside world that come out of Russia by men of good repute cannot all be disregarded or belittled.

The Abominable Snowman is not what he seems, that is all-powerful, because a little more knowledge, a little more understanding would melt him into nothing more than a transitory mist. The trouble, of course, lies in the fact that even if we on our side of the table had more knowledge and more understanding it would not be enough. These things must exist on both sides.

He finally is unidentifiable with ourselves for two reasons, neither one of them entirely valid. We point-blank refuse to see in him any image of ourselves. And the picture of Ignorance actually does not represent the whole of our people. But he does represent some, and very powerful people they are. Now we can see the tedium that may await every man as he returns to home base, himself, to view darkly his neighbors through the glass of his own mind.

It was George Orwell who remarked in an aside, while examining the waxworks of Charles Dickens, that it is fatal for a caricaturist to know too much. As a sometime caricaturist and an associate of the breed I think it can be fairly stated that fatalities in our ranks from such a malady are all too rare. To borrow a phrase from the Communists, *as is well known,* cartoonists and others who bark at the contemporary are too often toothless. And, without the proper dental equipment, it is hard to understand how anyone can bite off or chew, much less digest, the real meat of the day.

By "too often" it should not be inferred that I mean "always." These are two different ideas, and in fact, on careful recount, it looks as if they are *three* different ideas. In recent years, thanks to pluck, luck, and public privy walls, a good many cartoonists have learned to read. Some have even learned to write, as witness Herblock.

Herblock is one of the few around (including Mauldin, Fitzpatrick, and name your own others) who understands that his function is that of the watchdog. It is the duty of the watchdog to growl warnings, to bark, to surmise that every strange footfall is that of a cat, to worry about birds, and to suspect unknown insects. Now, if the people of the house have been leaving spectacles and other mechanical aids to reading where the dog can get at them, no one should be surprised to find the household pet sitting around thumbing through Shakespeare or trying to decipher the As from the Bs of a magazine devoted to "togetherheid."

And, let me tell you, kid, people have been leaving things around where we dogs can get at them like crazy. Traces and tracks have been flung about in rich abandon, spoor which amiable and supposedly well-trained resident animals are not supposed to understand. We keep forgetting the story of the couple who finally decided that thirty-year-old Junior was beginning to notice things and made him sleep outdoors.

This is not to say that the cartoonist, or caricaturist, understands what he sees or smells. But as one of the true watchdogs on the premises, his instincts are deep, though slumbrous, and no one should be astonished when, on occasion, one of these beasts turns and bares his gums at other members of the family. Remember, it is his duty to suspect.

Now for those who would like to crowd into a field not exactly overloaded with talent, some rules of the humor game and the possible results should be lightly pointed up. One theory about jokesmithery is that to make a joke work properly in the broad sense somebody must come out of it looking like a simpleton. This is best and most subtly handled if the teller of the tale identifies himself with the scapegoat. Then no one is hurt except the tale-teller and he is in a lather of self-enjoyment; thus, no bones broken.

But you are surer of success, not the best kind, but a good, heady, satisfying type of success, if you can find out what the audience is collectively against.

For instance, if you are talking to a room full of mice, you might say, "Why are all cats crosseyed?" This is guaranteed to convulse the group for up to three minutes. There will always be a few carping crosseyed mice in the crowd who will try

(*Continued on page* 28)

"Somebody else is on the island with Robinson Crusoe."

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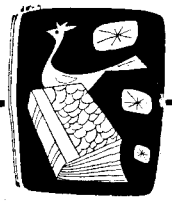

LITERARY HORIZONS

Silone's Love Story

By Granville Hicks

LIKE all its predecessors, Ignazio Silone's new novel, **"The Secret of Luca"** (Harper, $3.50), is located in the Abruzzi, the mountainous region of Italy in which he was born. The setting, then, is familiar to his readers, for, in spite of dictatorship and war and liberation, the Abruzzi seems to have changed but little in the thirty years that Silone has been writing. In theme, however, and narrative form the novel differs from anything else he has written.

It is the story of the return of two natives to Cisterna dei Marsi. One of them, Luca Sabatini, convicted forty years earlier of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment, has been released because at this late date another man has confessed to the crime. The other, Andrea Cipriani, considerably younger, was a schoolteacher who got into trouble in the Thirties for criticizing Mussolini's government. Becoming a revolutionary, presumably a member of the Communist party, he is now, in the postwar period, in a position to have political influence, and the officials of Cisterna are preparing to give him a hero's welcome.

The opening chapters of the book are filled with the satire that Silone has consistently directed against officialdom. To the mayor and the police sergeant Luca's presence is as embarrassing as if he had literally returned from the dead; they just don't know what to do with him. Andrea's coming, on the other hand, is an occasion for rejoicing, although it does raise some problems. An aged councilor, for instance, wonders whether the reception ought to be attended by those who informed against Andrea or by those who signed the petition for his removal from his job or by those who threw stones at him when he was arrested. The town clerk points out that if that line is followed there will be "no respectable people at all" at the reception, and the council decides to be practical.

But then Andrea reaches Cisterna, and the story takes a new direction. He calls first on Don Serafino, the former parish priest, whose integrity he respects, whatever he thinks of his politics. The priest wants to tell Andrea about a sad individual case, and Andrea makes quite a speech: "I'm sorry," he says, "but I've promised myself not to get involved in personal questions. Tragic individual cases—I know they exist; but they should be handed over to the people specifically competent to deal with them—mayors, lawyers, doctors, midwives, priests. . . . I think a politician ought to concentrate on the problems that affect the community as a whole, and not on doing favors for individuals."

—*A. Bilis.*

Ignazio Silone—". . . affirmation of goodness in unexpected places."

THIS statement of principles turns out to be completely ironic, for the moment Andrea learns that the individual Don Serafino has in mind is Luca Sabatini, his interest is unbounded. Luca's mother, it appears, lived in the household of Andrea's family when he was a boy, and he became close to her, so close that she entrusted him with the task of writing letters for her to her imprisoned son. It was his early confidence in Luca's innocence that led Andrea to an awareness of the existence of injustice, and out of this grew his revolutionary convictions. "It's true that I never knew him," he says to Don Serafino, "but you'd be astonished if I told you all that Luca stands for in my life."

There is a question that has haunted Andrea all these years and that he now expects to have answered: why did Luca refuse to defend himself, why would he not say where he was the night of the murder? But the answer is not forthcoming so readily as he had expected. Luca gently declines to discuss the matter, and Don Serafino is evasive. So Andrea turns detective, talking with everyone who can remember the case—the old judge, some peasants who saw Luca on the fatal night, the sister of the girl Luca was engaged to. When he has learned a part of the truth, Don Serafino tells him more, and at last Luca himself talks freely.

Luca's secret is indeed a strange one. The old judge says to Andrea: "You'd like to attribute such chivalrous ideas to a clodhopper like him. . . . A common peasant capable of choosing life imprisonment rather than reveal a secret? A common peasant with the code of a feudal knight? Very likely, I must say." But the truth is that Luca has been capable not merely of chivalrous behavior but of the most romantic kind of courtly love. A deep and wholly innocent devotion to a married woman inspired his great gesture of self-sacrifice and has sustained him through all his years of suffering.

When he makes his speech to Don Serafino about being concerned with the community rather than with individuals, Andrea says that if he can't stick to his principles, he'll give up politics. And we are led to conclude that, in the end, having concerned himself with Luca to the exclusion of everything else, he has changed his whole outlook. At any rate, when Luca says that he is hurting Andrea's political career, Andrea insists that he is relieved. But Andrea's disillusionment with politics is not the theme of "The Secret of Luca" as Pietro Spina's disillusionment is the theme of "Bread and Wine" and "The Seed Beneath the Snow" or as Rocca's disillusionment is the theme of "A Handful of Blackberries." What happens to Andrea is incidental; what has happened to Luca is all-important.

As he explains in the essay he contributed to "The God That Failed," Silone became a revolutionary as a very young man because his awareness of the miseries of the peasants of the Abruzzi seemed to leave him no alternative. He was disillusioned with the Communist party by 1930, but he did not cease to be concerned with the fate of the peasantry, and the question of what should be done is central in all his novels from "Fontamara" (1934) to "A Handful of Blackberries" (1953). "The Secret of Luca" does not give the impression that the peasants are better off under the present regime than they were under Mussolini or in Silone's boyhood, before Mussolini came to power,

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and one senses that Silone is no more capable of indifference now than he was forty years ago when he joined a group of young Socialists; but the emphasis this time is not on what should be done.

Silone has always been as much concerned with the potentialities of the peasants as he has with their sufferings. He has never romanticized the natives of the Abruzzi, and in "The Secret of Luca," as in all the other novels, we are brought face to face with their narrow-mindedness, their suspiciousness, their capacity for cruelty. When Andrea learns how Luca has been shunned by the inhabitants of Cisterna, he exclaims, "Christ, what people! They've been through one cataclysm after another, and they're still exactly the same." Yet in each of the novels the average peasant has proved to be a good deal better than the institutions with which he is forced to live, and certain individuals have shown qualities of greatness.

"The Secret of Luca," although it is less overtly political than its predecessors, nevertheless illustrates the homogeneity of Silone's work because its theme is the greatness of a very humble man. The scornful old judge speaks for the world and speaks out of a blindness Silone has always deplored. This quietly dramatic and very moving little novel is Silone's reply to the world's prejudices, his affirmation of the goodness and greatness to be found in unexpected places. Such was the faith that led him to become a Communist; happily he did not lose it when he was forced to recognize that it was being betrayed by Communism.

FICTION

Two Not So Noble Romans

"The Sword of Pleasure," by Peter Green *(World. 315 pp. $3.95) and* ***"Three's Company," by Alfred Duggan*** *(Coward-McCann. 286 pp. $3.95), are both historical novels set in the days of the Roman Republic. The books are reviewed by Rex Warner, who is the author of "The Young Caesar," and most recently, "The Greek Philosophers."*

By Rex Warner

THE period of the end of the Roman Republic is undoubtedly an attractive field for modern historical novelists. The period is fairly well documented and has already been given, as it were, a dramatic start in literature by Plutarch and Shakespeare. It is a period of powerful characters who sometimes shape but are more often shaped by powerful events. The stresses and dilemmas of the times often remind us of those of our own days. Many of the characters too seem familiar. All together it is much easier for us to feel at home in this period than in many others much less remote from us in time.

All the same the period is remote, and the historical novelist who is going to convince us of its reality must show skill in presenting his facts and a kind of easy enthusiasm in interpreting them. What we tend to expect is a scholarly respect for and appreciation of facts, combined with sufficient invention to engage our interest in events and characters which, though not historical, throw light on history and are amusing or instructive in themselves.

Both "The Sword of Pleasure" and "Three's Company" are good examples of this kind of writing. Both Peter Green and Alfred Duggan show the scholarship and interest that are required of the historian and also the human imaginative qualities of the novelist. Though their styles are very different, each is, in its own way, remarkably effective.

Peter Green, in "The Sword of Pleasure," gives us what purports to be the memoirs of Sulla as he might have written them. It was courageous of Mr. Green to take as his hero one of the most bloodthirsty and, to my mind, least attractive tyrants that the world has seen, and it is certainly possible to disagree with his apparent estimate of the man. Personally, for example, I doubt whether it is correct to represent Sulla as a kind of *parvenu* who could be exposed to the snobbery of such families as the Metelli. Sulla certainly had a difficult start in life, but his family was still patrician. It is also, I think, hard to find in the career of this utterly ruthless, conceited, and cruel man any evidence for statesmanship. He merely put the clock forcibly back and made future revolution inevitable. However, on these points Mr. Green is perfectly entitled to his own opinions. Even less legitimate would it be to complain that, so far as we know, Sulla would not have written with the sensitivity of Mr. Green, or that Mr. Green is not easily and immediately translatable into Latin. In fact the author has presented his own picture of Sulla so vividly and forcibly that he has made it, even against some historical evidence, at least credible and certainly fascinating. He has not disguised the man's crimes and it is a measure of his success as a storyteller that we are often made to sympathize with a monster who really does become sometimes, thanks to Mr. Green's skill, not only heroic but pathetic.

Indeed, Mr. Green's skill is apparent

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on every page. The dialogue is natural and dignified—rather a rare combination in historical novels. The narrative is exciting and is presented in a variety of ways. Accounts of military campaigns and of battles—again unrewarding material for many novelists—are clear, rapid, and absorbing. Rapidity is one of the salient qualities of Mr. Green's style, and if there is any monotony in the book it is because this very admirable rapidity so seldom slackens pace and sometimes, perhaps, reaches a pace that is feverish. Most important of all, it is thoroughly alive.

Alfred Duggan's novel about ancient Rome begins with the funeral of Sulla and ends with that of the triumvir Lepidus. It is a quieter and more restrained book than that of Mr. Green and this is natural enough since the central figure is not a neurotic monster but that "slight, unmeritable man" who, almost by accident, kept on finding himself in positions of power that were much too much for him. There is nothing at all funny about Sulla, but Lepidus, the model of respectability, is often, in his inevitable failures, ludicrous as well as pathetic. Moreover he serves as an admirable foil for characters more brilliant and emphatic than himself—for Julius Caesar, for Antony, or for that singularly unattractive character, who is here presented with particular skill, young Octavius Caesar.

Somehow, with Lepidus in the center of the picture, the rest of the scene becomes vivid and absorbing in its detail. Not that there is nothing in Lepidus to hold the eye. He is a fine example of an ancient Roman, or, for that matter, of modern pomposity, of antiquated faith, and of the kind of cowardice and insincerity which can often be observed in politicians who have a great sense both of tradition and of their own importance, but no knowledge of the exigencies of their times. Thus, though it would never have occurred to Plutarch to write a life of Lepidus, the use of Lepidus as the main figure in a historical novel is admirably justified. He is a symbolic figure, symbolic of a dying world and of a world that deserved to die, yet, as often happens in revolutionary times, he is one who can enlist our sympathy. He lacks the efficiency of the powers that are to be, but he also lacks their heartless indifference to everything that does not serve their own ends. Mr. Duggan has succeeded in making him a modern character, but he has also firmly placed him in his own age. "Three's Company" is a most competent piece of work, scholarly, alive, and suggestive.

Mostly About the South

***"A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories," by Andrew Lytle** (McDowell, Obolensky. 327 pp. $4.95), is a collection of short works, mostly about the South. SR's reviewer is Maxwell Geismar, whose most recent book of criticism is "American Moderns."*

By Maxwell Geismar

SINCE "The Velvet Horn," Mr. Lytle has come into prominence as the newest, though not the youngest, figure among the talented Southern writers. He belonged to the Agrarian group at Vanderbilt; he has written two earlier novels; and his literary career has developed along the *Sewanee* and *Kenyon Review* orbit. Moreover, he contributes an "Introduction" to the present collection of his shorter works which makes his position very clear.

Most writers use a preface as a plea for mercy, a cry for understanding, or a last word to the world. Mr. Lytle, on the contrary, lectures us rather strictly on the true meaning of fiction, the processes of the creative act, the present corruption of democracy, the decline of the Christian spirit, the real values of Southern literature, and just how we should read a book. All this, I must admit, takes a certain audacity when the object of the sermon is the writer's own work.

The present reviewer found himself rather awed. The first tale in the volume, "Jericho," is the chronicle of a dying Southern matriarch and her weak-willed grandson. "There will always be Long Gourd," she says, "and there must always be a McCowan on it." But he has been snared by a sensuous Southern girl of dubious ancestry and wayward impulses. "Mammy" realizes that both her plantation and her ancient way of life are doomed. Mr. Lytle has explained to us that in the discussion of the Southern problem, "too much is made of ethnic complications." The purity of the Southern Lady was just a way "of keeping the blood lines sure and the inheritance meaningful." But apparently the Old South is in trouble anyhow.

"The Mahogany Frame," which is the story of a young boy's initiation into the tribal rites of hunting, is a better tale: a rather skilful fusion of Hemingway and Faulkner in Mr. Lytle's own idiom. (This academic artist is very fond of such terms as "archetypal," "ritual," and "cultured.") "Mr. MacGregor" is another tale of plantation life in slavery days where the owner is forced to kill his best Negro servant. "Marster, if you hadn't got me, I'd a got you," says the dying fief.

The Negroes are indeed presented as talented servants of great dignity and high ESP rating. And all these tales lose their final impact simply because they are written to illustrate the writer-critic's fantasy of the Old South. When Mr. Lytle moves from this area to the earlier historical scene of Spanish explorers and the Indian cultures, in "Ortiz's Mass" and "Alchemy," his work takes on more fictional authenticity and a more generous human feeling. It is talented entertainment.

There is still a literary spirit here hidden away beneath the pedagogue and the Southern apologist. The novel in this collection is a kind of Henry James psychological mystery about a writer and his wife who attempt to reclaim a ruined Southern plantation. But the "ghost" of the former owner, still evil and arrogant, draws them down to destruction. Now what about this whole group of Southern agrarian artists who are, in literary terms, attempting the same kind of haunted enterprise? Mr. Lytle's creative conscience belies his critical stance.

Was a Man

By Philip Booth

WAS a man, was a two-
faced man, pretended
he wasn't who he was,
who, in a men's room,
faced his hung-over
face in a mirror hung
over the towel rack.
The mirror was cracked.
Shaving close in that
looking glass, he nicked
his throat, bled blue
blood, grabbed a new
towel to patch the wrong
scratch, knocked off
the mirror, and facing
himself, almost intact,
in final terror hung
the wrong face back.

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Horatio Sails Again

"Admiral Hornblower in the West Indies," by C. S. Forester *(Little, Brown. 329 pp. $4), continues the exploits of the courageous Englishman, who wages his latest battles in Caribbean waters. It is reviewed by Edmund Fuller, who is the author of "Man in Modern Fiction."*

By Edmund Fuller

THIS is the tenth book C. S. Forester has written about the long-popular Hornblower. If his saga be not nearing the end we had better brace ourselves for "Admiral Hornblower Meets the Monitor and the Merrimac." Horatio Hornblower, born July 4, 1776, a day overshadowed by certain other events, first was introduced to us at the age of seventeen, in 1793, as "Mr. Midshipman Hornblower." The subsequent novels carry his career through the whole span of the Napoleonic era. He has battled against Spanish, French, Turks, and Swedes, in the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Pacific, the Baltic, and the Caribbean. The series tactfully skips over the War of 1812 and it is a few years subsequent to that when the events of the present book occur.

Both Hornblower and Mr. Forester are growing a little tired. The general law of diminishing returns and the specific inevitability of repetitious patterns in this British Navy framework both comprise as heavy a drag on the narrative motion as the drogue which, in this story, Hornblower causes to be fixed under the hull of a fast slave ship so that his slower frigate can pursue it from the harbor and capture it on the open sea.

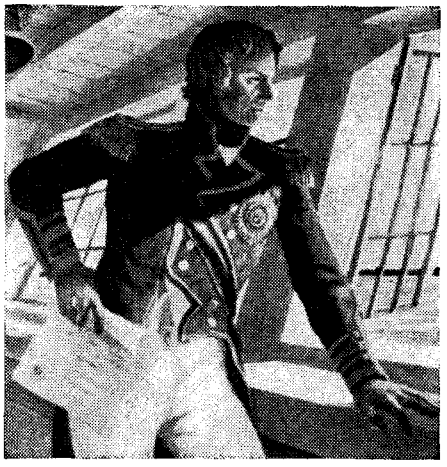
The young, fumbling, ambitious Hornblower had a charm and freshness bound to recede as he rose in rank. Ever since he has been a Lord and an Admiral, Forester is still trying to conjure up fears lest he disgrace himself and be retired at half pay, but this just doesn't work as it did for the raw lieutenant. The introduction of Lady Barbara, many books ago, injected more corn than vigor, compared to the simple masculine patterns of the first books. And now that Hornblower is of flag rank, Forester is hard put to overcome the dramatic disadvantage that he cannot intervene in the handling of his own flagship. Such are the problems of age and rank for fictional heroes.

Now he is supreme commander of a diminished peacetime force in those same West Indian waters where, as a lieutenant, he had served on the *Renown*. He is at the dawn of the age of steam. Apart from the episode of the slaver, the main events of this story hinge upon a strange encounter with Napoleon's General Cambronne (he of the famous *"mot de Cambronne"*), a skirmish with pirates on land, an encounter with Bolivar's liberation movement in Colombia, and a disastrous hurricane.

Allowing for the elements of diminished impact, the Hornblower story remains what it always has been, skilful and knowledgeable sea narrative at the upper level of *Satevepost* style—no more, no less.

Midshipman Hornblower—"The young, fumbling, ambitious Hornblower . . .

Commodore Hornblower—. . . had a charm and freshness bound . . .



Lord Hornblower—. . . to recede as he rose in rank."

Conflict on the Cape

"The Bramble Bush," by Charles Mergendahl *(Putnam. 382 pp. $3.95), tells about private lives and public scandals in a Cape Cod town. Henry Beetle Hough, who reviews the novel, is the editor of* The Vineyard Gazette *at Edgartown, Mass. and author of the novel, "The New England Story."*

By Henry Beetle Hough

EAST NORTON, not far from the "heel" of Cape Cod, is the scene of this novel in which many of the townspeople are bound by secret small-town or family ties to Dr. Guy Montford, who goes among them with understanding and protective care. When Dr. Montford's boyhood companion, Larry McFie, comes back to East Norton to die of a hopeless and wasting disease under his care, there is an unraveling of old passions and unresolved violence.

Larry has a wife, Margreth, "slender, nearly fragile, and rather tall, with shiny black hair. . . ." Drawn together in sympathy and shared emotion, it is not long before Dr. Montford and Margreth become lovers.

Already shaping grimly is the moral and ethical question whether the doctor may compassionately shorten the suffering of Larry McFie. Soon it is discovered that Margreth is pregnant and the problem is intensified. If Dr. Montford shortens his friend's hopeless suffering, what will be his real or deepest motive? What will it be after Margreth, emotionally compelled, has declared that she must and will tell Larry about the affair and about the baby? How about the passions that may be touched off in East Norton?

Mr. Mergendahl works out his story with suspense that, for the most part,

(*Continued on page* 27)

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Command of the World Island

"Foreign Policy and the Free Society," by Walter Millis and John Courtney Murray, S.J. *(Fund for the Republic; Oceana. 116 pp. $1), is a reappraisal of Communist ideology as it pertains to our present international situation. Frank Altschul, who reviews the book, is vice president and secretary of the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By Frank Altschul

LIKE ancient Gaul, "Foreign Policy and the Free Society" is divided into three parts. First, there is an eloquent plea by Walter Millis for a new approach to the problems posed by Communist Russia. This is followed by an essay by Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., in which he presents a penetrating analysis of Communist doctrine, and suggests certain lines of policy, grounded in what he considers to be a true understanding of this doctrine. The book ends with "a highly abridged version" of a colloquy between a distinguished group of consultants to the Fund for the Republic—a version so punctuated by asterisks denoting material omissions that any sense of continuity in the discussion is more than a little blunted.

Because "the United States is now entangled in courses of military and foreign policy which appear to tend only toward eventual catastrophe," Walter Millis considers it essential to ultimate survival "that we re-examine the actualities of the international context, that we be willing to take at least the same risks for peace that we normally take for guaranteeing victory in war, and that we use" what he, somewhat optimistically, interprets as "the chance which the great deterrents have provided to bring international relations into some framework in which the race toward total catastrophe can first be slowed and ultimately ended." How this highly desirable result is to be brought about, even through the most patient and objective re-examination of "the actualities of the international context" does not emerge with striking clarity either from Mr. Millis's paper or from the discussion which it provoked.

In a brief review it is impossible to deal adequately with the wide spectrum of thought-provoking ideas presented in the papers and the exchange of views of the consultants. On this account it may prove helpful to focus attention upon Father Murray's contribution, although here too admittedly one can only barely scratch the surface. Father Murray is impressed by the unique character of the Soviet Empire: "1) as a state or power, 2) as an empire (*imperium*) or mode of rule, 3) as an imperialism, and 4) as the legatee of a special segment of world history." He develops the meaning of each of these aspects, ending with the arresting statement that "Communism has undertaken to inaugurate a new history, the so-called Third Epoch, that will abolish and supplant what we called the two Western Epochs, feudalism and capitalism." And he concludes, and proceeds to demonstrate, "that each of these four unique aspects of the Soviet Empire has consequences for American policy. No structure of policy will be intelligent or successful that does not reckon with all of them. Indeed, all our past mistakes of policy have resulted from the American disposition to ignore, or to misunderstand, one or the other of these four unique aspects of Russia."

Walter Millis—". . . pleads new approach to Communist Russia."

John C. Murray, S.J.—". . . minimum of security, maximum of risk."

Turning to the second of these "*unique* aspects," the Soviet state, according to Father Murray, "is an *imperium*, a mode of rule, guided in its internal and external policy by a comprehensive systematic doctrine that contradicts at every important point the traditions of the West. . . . Only Soviet doctrine makes Soviet power a threat to the United States. Only Soviet doctrine explains the peculiar nature of Soviet imperialism and shows it to be unappeasable in its dynamism."

Yet, from this, it by no means follows that the principal danger to which we are exposed is either "an all-out sneak nuclear attack" or "an all-out nuclear war." These are contingencies for which it would be a folly to permit ourselves to remain unprepared. But in Father Murray's view, they represent exaggerated fears. The point is made repeatedly that the threat of the use of force is an essential weapon which the Communists "will not renounce." Nonetheless "Soviet doctrine as a whole dictates a policy of maximum security and minimum risk. . . . We may be sure that the Soviet leadership will not risk the debacle of the World Revolution through a major war for the sake of anything less than the soil of the homeland of the Revolution."

From this comforting thought Father Murray draws the conclusion that "our policy should envisage a minimum of security and a maximum of risk. Only by such a policy can we seize and retain the initiative in world affairs. And it is highly dangerous not to have the initiative." It is just possible that our intervention in Lebanon represents a somewhat belated acceptance of the line of conduct advocated by Father Murray. Maybe it has at last dawned

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upon those responsible for the conduct of our affairs that unless, under certain circumstances, we are ready to accept the "maximum risk," we shall be blindly following a course which would inevitably hand the world over to the Soviet Union on the instalment plan.

There is recurrent reference throughout Father Murray's essay to the issue of "survival." But what is meant by survival remains undefined. Barring all-out thermonuclear warfare, our survival as individuals, or at least as a great number of individuals, may reasonably be assumed. But what of our survival as a free and independent nation in which the cherished values of Western civilization will be permitted to flourish and maintain their vitality?

Here is a critical question which time alone can answer. But it is raised in all its stark reality when Father Murray asserts that "for the first time in history the state that controls the Heartland of the World-Island has become a sea power of a special kind, an underwater power." To concede, as perforce we must, that today the Soviet Union "controls the Heartland of the World-Island" drives one inexorably back to H. J. Mackinder's "Democratic Ideals and Reality," a book published in 1919, which, dealing primarily with sea power and land power, requires a measure of rethinking in this age of air power and guided missiles. However, Mackinder's thesis has a certain timeliness and furnishes an appropriate concluding note: "Who rules East Europe commands the Heartland: Who rules the Heartland commands the World-Island: Who rules the World-Island commands the World."

The Policy of Ultimate Optimism

"Peace Without Victory," by Laurence W. Martin *(Yale University Press. 230 pp. $4.50), is a study of Woodrow Wilson's foreign policy as it was related to British concepts of liberalism. Our reviewer is August Heckscher, who is the director of the Twentieth Century Fund.*

By August Heckscher

WOODROW WILSON, when he assumed the Presidency, had given deep and scholarly thought to the nature of the Constitution, the processes of politics, the quality of leadership, and the form of national policy. He had, by contrast, left foreign affairs almost entirely outside his scope. It has always been something of a mystery where he found the principles of his diplomacy. Were they simply a brilliant improvisation? Or did they have roots in his basic philosophy?

This volume gives one answer. Wilson's foreign policy, says Mr. Martin, went back to the liberal tenets, the classical dogmas of the British, which had formed the substance of his beliefs. The conviction that divergent interests could be easily reconciled; that peace was the normal state of enlightened mankind and could be preserved by institutions comparable to those which ruled a parliamentary state; the distrust of "sinister interests" which divided the public—all this was in the air Wilson breathed.

Mr. Martin is concerned only secondarily with theory; his real contribution is in tracing carefully and factually the relationship which was established between this English minority and the American President. The *New Republic,* just founded and exerting a major influence, formed a bridge between the British and American liberals. Writers in the United States not only agreed in large part with the premises of their British counterparts; the pages of the magazine were hospitably open to contributions from overseas. The main work of contact, however, was provided by emissaries. Colonel House and Ray Stannard Baker reported regularly on the opinions of the "radicals"; and the young Walter Lippmann, at the head of the famous Inquiry, set out to insure that the old concepts of power politics should be leavened by the yeast of these brilliant and dissenting minds.

Wilson, of course, was not always an apt pupil. His basic thinking about the war was indeed in tune with the liberals. He saw its antecedents as shadowed; felt that no one side could take all the moral blame; recognized the folly of a punitive spirit and knew the illusion which military victory could represent. But there were times when he lagged behind the liberal hopes for the creation of a meaningful international order. And after he brought the United States into the war his declarations for "force without stint or limit" made them wonder if he had forgotten the end they had in mind.

The book, well written, scholarly, modest in its approach, traces out these shifting relationships. It errs sometimes—as the proponent of a thesis almost invariably does—in attributing too preponderant an influence to a single factor. But it brings into focus an important element of Wilson's diplomacy. It leaves a fresh sense of the role of reason and idealism in international affairs. The end was not wholly a victory for liberalism; but the author gives credit to Wilson for having salvaged from the stress of peacemaking some enduring principles and some hopeful courses of action. The need continues, he concludes, for a politics based on "an ultimate optimism which has entertained all the grounds for pessimism."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MYSTERIES WITHIN MYSTERIES

Below, anagrammed, are the names of a dozen mystery writers and, alongside, the anagrammed names of a dozen classic mystery titles. (Authors and titles are in the same lines.) Mary Hart Zink asks you to straighten everything out. Answers on page 27.

1. Lionel Silwick	"Too Honest Men"
2. Roy Harold Tysse	"Rain on the Stile"
3. Eben Lecty	"Rat's Nest Castle"
4. Oban J. Hunch	"The Sentry in the Pits"
5. Gareth Istachia	"Horror at Freddecky Morgue"
6. Henry Crane Fassot	"The Mill at Arbley"
7. Bertram Harrison Tyre	"Riches at Rurica Castle"
8. Davis Senn	"The Ryan MacDare Curse"
9. Marianne Stufer	"Hoddery Roskyn's Verdict"
10. Mathilde L. Mathes	"Case of the Tall Men"
11. Leona Canody	"Nasty Case, Dr. Tuli"
12. Sir Gerald B. Greer	"Pat Klenvet Sees a Body"

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Tracking Down a Terrorist

"Man Hunt in Kenya," by Ian Henderson with Philip Goodhart *(Doubleday. 240 pp. $3.95), is an account by Nairobi's police superintendent, of the desperate pursuit after Mau Mau terrorists. It is reviewed by Hassoldt Davis, the author of "World Without a Roof," who lived for many years in Mau Mau territory.*

By Hassoldt Davis

THIS is a very fist of a book, a fist in the jungle, a story of the Mau Mau written by the chief superintendent of the Nairobi police. During what the British of Kenya laconically called their "emergency," Ian Henderson, knowing the Kikuyu terrorists and speaking fluently their language, was referred to as "a window on the Mau Mau," and it was he who brought to eventual capture and death the gangster leader, Dedan Kimathi.

Kimathi was a most evil man, a lunatic, and a fanatic whose aim was to exterminate the British, not merely chase them out of Africa. He made his men avow to eat human brains, have intercourse with dead goats, split open pregnant women. He worshipped his god Ngai, but carried a Bible with him and "Napoleon's Book of Charms." His followers, of whom there were 12,000 at one time, believed he was divine and could work miracles, that he was impervious to bullets and could deflect rivers from their courses. Even to the British his bushcraft seemed almost supernatural.

Ian Henderson pursued him up and down the Aberdare Mountains with what he called his "pseudo-gangs," made up of captives of Kimathi's own forces. They bombed the hide-outs. They "sky-shouted" from planes on tape recorded by Kikuyu. They lived with the discomfort of icy rain and the danger of rhinos (who had themselves been bombed and were not sociable). Henderson followed tracks, game snares, message caches in the mountain woods, with his natives. "There were hands which were hard and rough like the bark of a log; there were others which were sticky with filth and honey; some hands were deformed, while others were firm and confident."

There were a hundred times more Africans killed than Europeans, for the Mau Mau were ruthless with their own people who would not collaborate. Kimathi strangled suspected traitors and stuffed them into ant-bear holes, fleeing constantly, following the Sykes monkeys, the hyrax, or the elephants which would give the alert of pursuit by Henderson's men, living on wild honey and his own boiled animal-hide clothes, marauding the plantations when he could. One clue to his whereabouts was his compulsion to pray to Ngai before the "mugumu" trees for immortality. The man was insane but canny.

—*From the book.*

Dedan Kimathi—". . . a fanatic whose *aim was to exterminate the British.*"

The British were still being eviscerated ruthlessly by the Mau Mau, and Henderson as ruthlessly chased them, disguising himself and his converted captives with long matted wigs and animal skins. They never were convinced that each extraordinary escape of Kimathi was not by the protection of the god Ngai, but the gangster's warriors were gradually reduced until there was left only his tough mistress to follow him. And she was captured, and betrayed him. He was judged at Nairobi, and hanged.

For a reviewer to read every word of a book is exceptional, but (Ngai knows!) this book is exceptional. It is a chase story, a suspense story such as Hitchcock might present; and as factual history it is infinitely more dramatic than Ruark's fictional "Something of Value," which seems like what the British call a simple "penny dreadful" beside it. There is not a spare word in it, and every one has the impact of a fist in the night.

Criminal Record

STRONG POISON and **THE FIVE RED HERRINGS.** *By Dorothy L. Sayers. Harper.* $3.50 *each.* These reissues of classic Lord Peter Death Wimsey novels (originally published 1930, 1931, respectively) bring total to six (and long may they wave!); second tale first appeared in U.S. as "Suspicious Characters" and now happily regains native English title.

THE COUNT OF NINE. *By A. A. Fair. Morrow.* $2.95. Donald Lam of Cool and Lam, Los Angeles eye combine, looks for lost statuettes and comes up with murder; cops unpleasant, as expected; beautiful gals abound, also as expected; blow-gun figures. Garrulous.

A HEARSE OF ANOTHER COLOR. *By M. E. Chaber. Rinehart.* $2.95. Milo March, New York insurance peeper, flies to New Orleans to look into deaths that follow hunt for pirate treasure; grows careless as dat ole Syndicate closes in; philandering practised and much gin, rye, and brandy absorbed; skin-diving featured. Wisecracky as usual.

THE APRIL ROBIN MURDERS. *By Craig Rice and Ed McBain. Random.* $3.50. Roving pair of street photographers, Bingo Riggs and Handsome Kuzak, invade Hollywood in quest of quick buck; confusion thrice confounded throws out roadblocks (and tosses out assorted cadavers); Craig Rice's last story is finished by capable collaborator. Brash and bouncy.

BREATHE NO MORE, MY LADY. *By Ed Lacy. Avon.* 35¢. Norm Connor, Manhattan publisher's ad chief, turns detective when firm's ace mystery writer is booked for wife-slaughter; pugilistic professor among host of key personnel. Medium.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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In a World They Never Made

"Charles Dickens: The World of His Novels," by J. Hillis Miller *(Harvard. 346 pp. $6), explores the recurrent theme of man's search for identity, in the novels of Charles Dickens.* SR's *reviewer is Edgar Johnson, chairman of the English department at the City College of New York and author of "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph."*

By Edgar Johnson

THE dominant cliché of Dickens criticism has long been that he is a great comic improviser whose extraordinary power to devise hosts of character grotesques is not enough to make up for the structural weaknesses of his novels and their lack of any deeply significant theme. This, like most clichés, has one element of truth. Dickens's fertility in creating characters is indeed fantastic; he pours them out with a profusion and rapidity as if he made them merely by winking. But his supposed deficiencies in structural art and thematic depth are figments of an insensitive or imperceptive reading.

How much conventional criticism failed to see has in recent years been revealed by Edmund Wilson's "The Two Scrooges," by E. K. Brown's and Gwendolyn Needham's essays on "David Copperfield," by those of John Hagan and Robert Stange on "Great Expectations," by Robert Morse on "Our Mutual Friend," Morton Dauwen Zabel and Louis Crompton on "Bleak House," and Lionel Trilling on "Little Dorrit." These and other critics have established beyond all question Dickens's great and growing mastery of structure, his sensitive and subtle exploitation of metaphor and symbol, and the deeply meaningful level of his interpretation of human experience.

J. Hillis Miller's contribution to this body of interpretation in "Charles Dickens: The World of His Novels," is to trace in the splendid sequence of Dickens's work the omnipresence of one single, unified, constantly developing theme. That theme is the endeavor of Dickens's central characters—"alien and afraid, In a world [they] never made"—to achieve an identity and a place in that world, a sound foundation for their sense of selfhood and for a meaningful relation to their environment. They thus anticipate such a characteristic contemporary theme as that of Joyce's "Ulysses," and transcend that of the search for a father in the novels of Thomas Wolfe and the despairing emptiness, the *Nada*, of Hemingway's characters who can find neither values nor roots in their lives. In concentrating upon this central thread to the heart of Dickens's labyrinth, Mr. Miller ignores other almost equally significant strands in Dickens's richly counterpointed structure—for example, he makes practically nothing of the powerful and hard-hitting social criticism that runs through all the novels, although this might have been handled so as even to strengthen his thesis. But in the main outlines of that thesis I believe that Mr. Miller is unequivocally sound, and that he has thrown a searching light upon a fundamental part of Dickens's titanic achievement.

IT is noteworthy how many of Dickens's central characters are orphans, like David Copperfield, Pip, and Oliver Twist (who does not even know who his parents were) or psychologically orphaned, like Florence Dombey and Amy Dorrit, through having none of the emotional support that might come from a parent. This, of course, is essentially a symbolic rendering of the loneliness of the human spirit, which must find out and forge the ties that can give it a home. Still more, all the central Dickens characters are appalled at the callousness and cruelty of the world. When Mr. Pickwick has once emerged from the safe womb of the Pickwick Club to explore the world, he speedily encounters the trickery of Mr. Jingle, the stupidity and venality of the law, the degraded sufferings of the Fleet Prison. From these horrors he withdraws first into the isolation of his cell and finally into a virtual retirement from the world. Oliver Twist's problem is solved by the discovery of who his parents were and by the benevolent Mr. Brownlow who takes their place. But the possession of a family is not always a solution, as Florence Dombey learns: "not an orphan in the wide world can be so deserted as the child who is outcast from a living parent's love." And, worse still, the parents themselves may be lost, and have no status, or one precariously or erroneously based, like Mr. Dorrit, who is not a help but a burden to his children. The vast anonymity of modern urbanized society intensifies the problem: in its chaotic multiplicity the human atom is lost and bereft of all identity except the factitious one supplied by an undependable social or monetary status.

—From "Dombey and Son" (Oxford).

**Paul and Mrs. Pipchin—
". . . defeat and victory."**

Each of Dickens's heroes and heroines is consequently confronted with the questions: "Who am I? What is my real identity? On what is it founded? What can give me a place in the world which I can deserve and in which I can function rightly and harmoniously?" The increasing depth, sensitivity, and perception with which Dickens seeks the answers to these questions, from "Pickwick Papers" to "Our Mutual Friend," as Mr. Miller analyzes that search, cannot be discussed within the limits of this review. The perceptive reader, however, may be able to infer those answers by considering David Copperfield, Esther Summerson, Pip, and Amy Dorrit, all of whom attain stability by a loving acceptance—sometimes after prolonged struggle and rebellion—of the situation to which circumstances have called them, and by the endeavor to create a nucleus of order and affection in the world's chaos.

It would be trivial, in view of Mr. Miller's total achievement, to quarrel

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with minor inconsistencies in individual parts of his demonstration, or occasional contradictory endeavors to make the same characters exemplify both defeat and victory. But one defect cannot be passed over in silence, a stylistic quality that may be illustrated by the following: "The proper model of the universe in 'Our Mutual Friend' is not that of a non-Euclidian space filled with incommensurate local monads entirely isolated from each other. . . . Each of these worlds is a particular constitution of the same unattainable substratum, rather than being wholly isolated." Such linguistic convolutions sometimes continue for pages. Despite them, however, Mr. Miller's analysis is rich in creative insight.

Head of the Hartford Wits

"A Yankee's Odyssey: The Life of Joel Barlow," by James Woodress *(Lippincott. 347 pp. $5.95), is a biography of an eighteenth-century American poet, diplomat, and pamphleteer. Walter Magnes Teller, who reviews the book, is a professor of English at San Fernando Valley State College.*

By Walter Magnes Teller

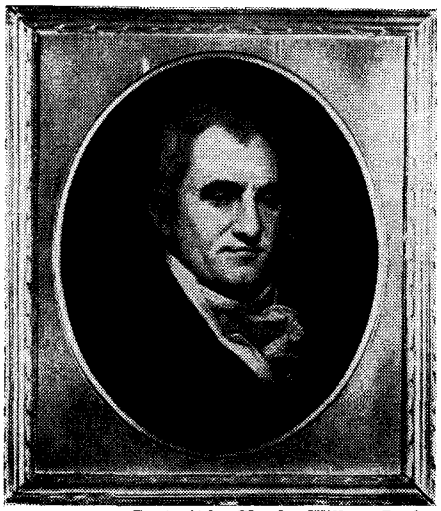
SINCE the first formal history of American literature was written, the first organized course in it given, professors have been palming off Joel Barlow (1754-1812), the subject-hero of "A Yankee's Odyssey," as a poet. But I think that trick, thank heavens, has about had its day. Barlow, lodged in the breach between our lowly poetic beginnings and, say, the pastoral rhymes of Bryant and Whittier has had a long and undeserved reputation. Nothing he wrote can now be read with pleasure.

James Woodress, his latest biographer, says that Barlow's "humorous 'Hasty Pudding' alone gave him a chance to be remembered as a poet." However, if such a chance once existed, it surely evaporated long ago. The literary flavor of cornmeal mush —"hasty pudding" it was called by earlier generations of Americans— will not be remembered by virtue of Barlow's effort, but rather because the unknown author of "Yankee Doodle" wrote in lovely, simple lines:

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we saw the men and
boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Indeed, it was not academic fellows like Barlow and his literary friends (the Connecticut, or Hartford, Wits, they called themselves), who wrote the signifying verse of their time; instead, it was the ballad-makers and the nameless writers of songs.

Drawing on prior biographies, a couple of unpublished dissertations, and plentiful manuscript sources, Mr. Woodress presents a detailed account of the Barlow life and times. Since the eighteenth-century literary ruling-class in America was small, and since Barlow made it his business to know everybody who was anybody, his story, as unfolded in this book, is gaudy with familiar names and events.



—Portrait by Charles Willson Peale.

Joel Barlow—wanted to be America's Homer.

Born on a Fairfield County, Connecticut farm, Barlow moved up to nearby Yale, afterwards taught school, became a chaplain in Washington's army, then a lawyer, land salesman, statesman, business agent and, finally, foreign minister to France. The common denominator of his vocations was preaching, exhortation, and giving advice. Long on energy and optimism, short on talent and humility, he was at an early age bitten by that poisonous bug which makes a man want to write—at all costs—big. Barlow's ambition was to be the Homer of his country, write the "Iliad" of its struggle to birth. He began with a work which he called an epic, "The Vision of Columbus," spent twenty years in rewriting and making it worse; ultimately got it out as "The Columbiad."

Whatever his fame, Barlow won fortune. For seventeen troubled years he lived in France where, as an agent for American shipping interests, he made huge wartime commissions. He acquired a Parisian establishment so large he never was able to furnish it. Opportunistic, tasteless, and also good-hearted, he invariably took his stand on the liberal, deistic, and humane side amid the battles and confusions of his age. He befriended Tom Paine—and, of course, tried to write like him, too. Childless, he acted as a veritable father to the young engineer, Robert Fulton. And he seems to have achieved a deep and lasting relationship with his one wife.

Mr. Woodress writes: "In March, 1792, however, the dawn of the brave new world was coming up like thunder from across the Channel, and Barlow went on pamphleteering." The manner is perhaps not inappropriate.

Pick of the Paperbacks

SOUTH WIND. *By Norman Douglas. Bantam.* 50¢. Anything can happen, and generally does, to the uninhibited inhabitants of a Capri-like Mediterranean isle, in a sprightly satire about morals and moralists.

SELECTED STORIES. *By Liam O'Flaherty. Edited by Devin A. Garrity. Signet.* 35¢. Twenty-nine stories, selected from the volumes of O'Flaherty tales, are choice examples of his own distinctive, lilting Irish prose.

A WALKER IN THE CITY. *By Alfred Kazin. Evergreen.* $1.45. Remembrance of things past—boyhood in Brooklyn's Jewish section—as recalled by a leading American literary critic, with little detachment but with great warmth, beauty, and veracity.

WINESBURG, OHIO. *By Sherwood Anderson. Compass.* $1.25. Winesburg, like any small town, had a sub-surface life, which Anderson discerned, with poetry and artistry, in these tales of midwestern USA.

STUDS LONIGAN. *By James T. Farrell. Signet.* 75¢. The saga of a rough-tough boy from the grim South Side of Chicago told in three books collected into one volume.

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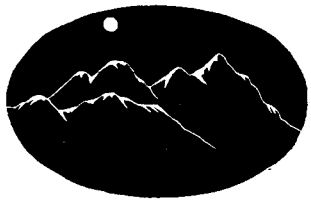
MOUNTAINEERING

Tragedy and Triumph at the Top



"Avalanche!," by Joseph Wechsberg *(Knopf. 254 pp. $4) and* ***"Coronation Everest," by James Morris*** *(Dutton. 144 pp. $3.75) are two books about mountains, in which the former records the tragic events in Blons, Austria, while the latter is a journalist's report on the 1953 Everest Expedition. They are both reviewed by Wilfrid Noyce, a member of the Everest party and the author of "The Gods Are Angry," "South Col," and other books about mountaineering.*

By Wilfrid Noyce

BOTH "Avalanche!" and "Coronation Everest" are about the mountains. But there the resemblance ceases, for the episodes described among the mountains could hardly be more different.

The year 1954 is still remembered for the many avalanches that wrought havoc in the Alps. But the fate of one small village, Blons, in the Austrian Vorarlberg, eclipsed and at the same time summarized all others. On January 11 two avalanches descended from the peaks that overlook the village's two parts, and obliterated each in turn. One-sixth of the total population was killed, many more were maimed; about one-third of the houses was destroyed.

It would have been possible to write a scientific treatise on avalanches; to analyze famous falls; even to select and compare the avalanches of that disastrous January. In "Avalanche!," Joseph Wechsberg has chosen cleverly to concentrate all that he has on this one village, on the drama of its one twenty-four-hour ordeal. He has visited Blons, spoken with the inhabitants, and documented his story from the records. An air of personal reality hangs about the telling.

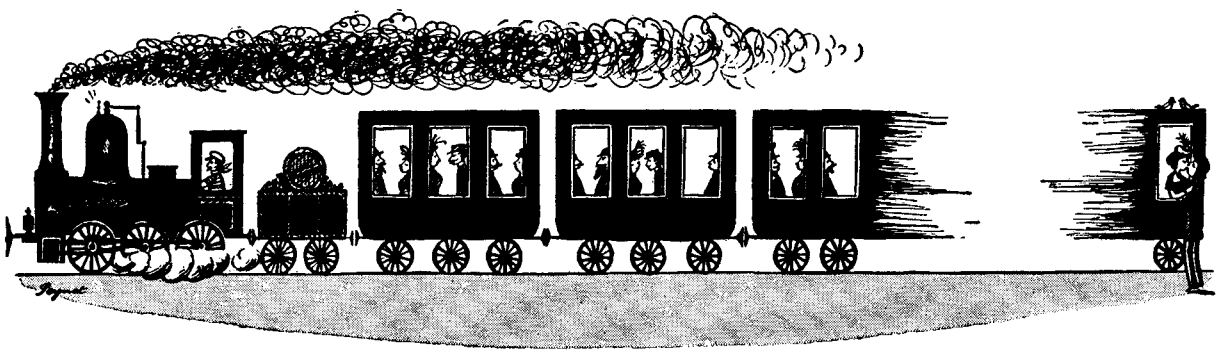
Inevitably, twenty-four hours do not make a book, and also some background is needed. It is certainly necessary to say something of wet and dry snow, of the varieties of precaution, the situation of villages, and the history of Blons. But, to my mind, this is the only part of the book that does not move. The author has tried to enliven it with references to the avalanches we are to see, but this gives still more the sense of marking time to fill out a requisite number of pages.

Once January 11 is reached the story moves quickly, and I have nothing but praise for the dramatic way in which it is told. Also, much of the earlier information does fall into place. The author takes a number of important villagers and places them in the positions they occupied at 9:36 A.M., when the first avalanche descended. Many were killed, many buried in their homes. There followed bewilderment, pain, grief—and courage. In crisp prose the various threads are followed through. Clique jealousies forgotten, the little society, now cut off by snow from the outer world, seems to operate almost in a vacuum as it sets about its own rescue work. With sympathy and a realistic reconstruction of dialogue, Mr. Wechsberg leads the survivors through to evening. Then, at 7 P.M. the second avalanche descends, with chaos and terror once more in its wake.

Among the most important actors, of course, are the avalanches them-

(*Continued on page* 28)

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER has been the highly successful maxim of Raymond Peynet, a French cartoonist whose sprightly, thatch-haired sweethearts have endeared themselves to some forty million Frenchmen and a goodly number of Englishmen. Now, by virtue of **"The Lovers' Keepsake"** (British Book Centre, $2.75), Americans too will have a chance to see what Peynet ("the cartoonist with the poet's soul") is all about. Mostly he is about a pair of lovers whom he calls the *Poète* and his *Fiancée,* a fanciful couple who explore, through Peynet's indefatigable sketches, the limitless possibilities for the lover and his lass. In the drawing below, Peynet makes it perfectly clear that nothing—not even a locomotive at full steam—can keep true lovers apart.



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Anonymous Artisans of History

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest-editorial, written for* SR *in observance of Labor Day 1958, is contributed by Mark Starr, Educational Director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union.*

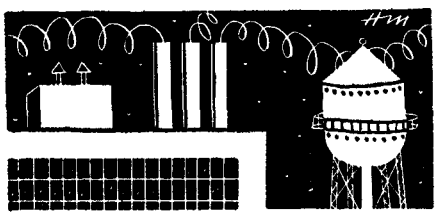
HISTORY is a fable agreed upon. At best, it is only a part-told tale. The conquerors tell their own story. The stagehands never get the spotlight. The janitor and the night-watchman remain in darkness. The dustman and the doctor are both important to our health, but who ever remembers the former unless to complain? The names of the kings and caudillos monopolize attention.

When they dig up the funeral bark of Pharaoh, they never ask, who built it? Who first flaked a flint to a cutting edge? Who first made fire and tamed it for man's use? Who pulled on the ropes to make the Stonehenge pillars stand erect? Who carried the stones for the Pyramids? Who built the Chinese Wall? Who cleans the windows in the United Nations building?

When Jerusalem fell, who wielded the hammer and trowel to raise its walls again? Who actually watered the Hanging Gardens of Babylon? Were there no cooks and foot-soldiers and ditchdiggers and roadmakers in the conquering armies of the Caesars? Who fed and hostlered the horses of Alexander as he advanced to overwhelm the then known world? Who taught Shakespeare the alphabet? Who thinks of the unknown heroes who created the alphabet itself and gave signs to sounds and made possible the memory of mankind in our libraries? Who recalls the names of the bat-boy and the groundsmen, who will not get a line in the record book full of the home-run heroes and the pitchers' performances? The Presidents we know; the peasants are anonymous.

In our fables of history the warriors who burned the wheatfields get their meed of praise, but the sower and the reaper who labored there are forgotten men. The captain who destroyed the city wears his laurels, but the identity of the stonemason who built it is an anonymous grain upon the sands of time. Behind the ancient civilization of China were the little people who kept the ditches deep. The great armadas had their cabin boys. Columbus did not sail alone. The cathedrals, spiring upwards, express the loving care and pride of untold craftsmen.

Farmers in New England, as well as the oft-named famous Founding Fathers, had their share in the Revolution—and their disappointments, too, if the too-often ignored Shay's Rebellion is recalled. The colonels strut in their brightly decorated uniforms, but it is the *campesinos* who feed them. The engine driver and the ship's crew never get publicity, but without them the kings and captains, the statesmen and the much-decorated chiefs would not depart. The plane must crash before the pilot and the stewardess get their names listed in the press report. The pre-dawn milk delivery man, the letter-carrier, and the salesman ply their indispensable roles. They are the cogs without which our community life would grind to a halt.



It was the workers' bones which bleached upon the prairies and the mountains before the golden spike was driven to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific with bonds of iron rails. The bloody infantry in war and peace sweat out the blood and tears. The miner in the darkness, the man at the loom, and the girl on the assembly line are "newsworthy" only when they strike. The janitor in the basement of the tall skyscraper, the cook and dishwasher in back of the banquet hall, the man at the switch, and the girl at the phone exchange play their role without the limelight's glare. The prima donna's costume gets the plaudits; the seamstress who made it is ignored. Those who wired the syncroton and patiently worked out the computations to wrest the atom's secrets are anonymous. Thousands of unnoticed workers faced unknown dangers in pioneer atomic-energy plants.

The well-dressed guests at the opening ceremony seldom spare a thought to the workers' hands that poured the steel, rolled the girders, and riveted them to reach for the sky. The building craftsmen are too many to list upon the dedication plate. Behind the radio's rolling eloquence, the pancaked television orator, and the publicity release stand the stenographer, the stencil cutter, the mimeo man. Who would hear their wisdom without the electrician and the man at the controls? The modest typo sets it up on the page just as part of the day's work. The literary genius could not make his ideas available but for the chores of the bookbinder.

The locomotive engineer and the bus-driver do their job to get us where we want to go—all unknown soldiers unless accident and death break the journey. Who ever thinks of the man in the front cab of the subway train unless a sudden jerk reminds us that he is human too.

Someone washed the diapers, sewed the coat, rolled the cigar and cut the hair of the allegedly self-made tycoon. Can we spell out in detail the unpayable debt we owe to those who give as well as get and put necessities and luxury within our reach? At least we should remember sometimes our collective debt to those who work in obscurity.

The slave, fellaheen, farmer, serf, peasant, laborer, craftsman, and mechanic are almost as forgotten as the men who captured the first fire spark, made the first lever and the wheel.

—MARK STARR.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISQUIETING DESIGN

SR KEEPS printing the things that need to be heard; congratulations on "An Adventure in Red Tape," by Eleanor S. Lowman (*SR* Aug. 9). But isn't there a double meaning in the words "red tape"? Doesn't the article point to more than just bureaucracy at its worst? Doesn't the butchering of her manuscript show a disquieting design? Don't the changes, deletions, and rearrangements clearly show a deliberate attempt to obscure the facts as careful research found them, to keep us ignorant of the truth? It would seem that the revisions show not incompetence, but clever distortion from an ulterior, perhaps sinister, purpose.

GODFREY G. HOWARD.

New York, N. Y.

NO SHUDDER OF GUILT

ELEANOR S. LOWMAN'S ghoulish entanglement in U.S. bureaucracy proves more than her ill-fated book: We are not only lacking scientists but, worse, scientific minds. If our eminent researchers in the Department of HEW can so glibly distort the truth without a shudder of academic guilt, then American education has already failed. The Russians deserve the moon—at least they know how to shoot for it.

L. R. EGAN.

Arlington, Va.

BUSY BUREAUCRATS

ONE CAN SEE the bureaucrats bent over their desks wielding red pencils and scissors, pausing for quick heads-together conferences, returning to tackle the tasks of rewriting—condensing—eliminating—rewording—selecting. But what were they thinking?

H. W. YATES.

Glen Mills, Pa.

PATRIOTIC IGNORANCE

AFTER THIS COUNTRY entered World War I nearly half our states passed laws prohibiting the teaching of the German language. The treatment of Eleanor Lowman's book seems to show that it is still considered unpatriotic to know what our enemies are doing.

B. Q. MORGAN.

Stanford, Calif.

ONLY A HIRED HAND

ELEANOR LOWMAN seems to have missed the point; she was an employe of the Office of Education and not an individual researcher for material for a book of her own.

MILDRED CSONTOS.

Schenectady, N. Y.

SORRY MESS

FOR THE government to have printed the manuscript as Miss Lowman wrote it would obviously have been to betray with stark emphasis, instead of soft-pedalling, as the revised version does, how badly our public schools compare with the Russian in their treatment of the basic subject matters. Is it inexplicable that the "educators" in HEW desired to blur a clear revelation of what a sorry mess their profession has made of American primary and secondary public schools?

HUNTINGTON BROWN.

Moretown, Vt.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I won't collect any more rent from Franz Mesmer, I won't collect any more rent from Franz Mesmer—"

NO JUSTIFICATION

NO ONE IS gratified to hear, I am sure, more than myself that there is a local newspaper standing for something more than advertising. However, if the *Arkansas Gazette* (*SR* July 26) is actually demanding "respect for law and for Constitutional processes," as Bruce Catton maintains, has that newspaper considered the legality of the President's sending Federal troops to Little Rock under the conditions which he did? Perhaps *SR* or some other responsible magazine has considered this problem already. Mr. Catton's casual assumption that the President acted in a manner that requires no question seems to me to show a lack of concern on his part for Constitutional processes.

WILLIAM R. KELLER.

Pennsburgh, Pa.

OPPOSITE ENDS

HOW ABOUT the other side of the story? I am not a *segregationist*. The word is ugly, rasping, and has an unjust connotation. I am a *separationist*. The two races can live side by side in friendship if agitators will keep their fingers out of the pie and sensible, just persons are allowed time to evolve into a harmony that can be accomplished without any mixing of these peoples. As for Ashmore and Faubus, they appear to be two of a kind: jumping-jacks on opposite ends of the same seesaw.

BETH WALLACE SLAYMAKER.

Perkinston, Miss.

DOUBT ON FAUBUS

BRUCE CATTON proved his limited knowledge of the history of Arkansas when he referred to Jeff Davis as a local demagogue. He added more smut to his face when, in reference to the four bills passed by the state legislature in 1957, he stated that Mr. Faubus personally engineered these bills. Nothing could be further from the truth. The bill passed by the 1957 legislature embracing the State Sovereignty Commission was introduced by the representatives of the people.

RAY M. GRISWOLD.

Magnolia, Ark.

MERE FULMINATIONS

BRUCE CATTON'S article is excellent, but I fear it tends to count *SR* and Editor Ashmore in support of Federal military enforcement of laws and court rules whether they are sanctioned by people or are mere fulminations of radical individuals in high places.

IRA C. TILTON.

Valparaiso, Ind.

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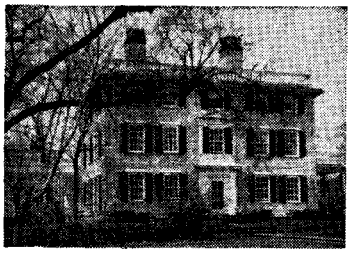
LITERARY LANDMARKS, USA

ELMWOOD: "It is a pleasant old house, isn't it?" wrote James Russell Lowell from Paris to his tenant Thomas Bailey Aldrich. "Don't get too used to it. I often wish I had not grown into it so. I am not happy anywhere else." Lowell was speaking of Elmwood, a stately four-square house on Tory Row in Cambridge. Elmwood was built in 1767 by Thomas Oliver, son of a wealthy West Indies planter and the last royal Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. For a week in 1775 it served as Benedict Arnold's headquarters; later it was used as a hospital.

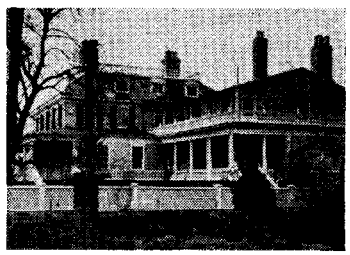


Ownership passed to Elbridge Gerry, Massachusetts Governor and Vice-President under Madison. Gerry's widow sold it in 1818 to the Reverend Charles Lowell; the future poet, essayist, editor, and abolitionist was born there a year later. Of the house Lowell once remarked: "It will make a frightful conservative of you before you know it. It was born a Tory and will die one." On inherited money, Lowell lived on a scale few literary men ever achieve on their own, but life at Elmwood was not without its heartbreaks. Here two of his three daughters died in infancy. The house still contains the bulk of Lowell's library, except for "books from my library of which the College Library does not already possess copies," which were given to Harvard on his death. Since he was a man to whom "the business and pleasure of life was reading," it is extensive.

THOREAU'S ROOM: Most of "Walden" was written while Thoreau was living as a kind of major domo and handyman in the Concord home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Only the first floor of Emerson's house is open to the public, so Thoreau's quarters are not available for inspection, but across the Lexington Road, in the handsome home of the Concord Antiquarian Society, in a room of approximately the same modest size are gathered most of Thoreau's earthly possessions: the bed, the desk, and one of the three chairs he made for the hut at Walden ("I had three chairs in my house: one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society"). Here also are his surveyor's measuring chains, his snow-shoes, his walking stick, his inkwell with his last quill pen, his "spyglass," his flute; portraits of Henry at twenty-two and again at thirty-five, and his beloved younger brother John, by their sister Sophie. And that's it. The Thoreau who did not hesitate to record in his Journal an interview with a woodchuck is today perhaps better remembered than the Thoreau who became the first American to speak out publicly in behalf of John Brown. But this room is a perfectly appropriate memorial to a philosopher who could write, "Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts, of life are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind."

HERMAN MELVILLE ROOM: Herman Melville was a boy of fourteen when he first visited Pittsfield, Massachusetts, staying with his uncle Thomas and his pretty French wife at a farm called "Broadhall," which is now the Pittsfield Country Club. He came back several years later to work for Uncle Thomas, onetime American Consul in Paris and veteran of the War of 1812, for a season as a hand on the farm; and in the fall of 1837 he taught for a term in the Sikes district school. Anybody seeking Melville lore will find probably the largest collection of it anywhere in the Berkshire Athenaeum, Pittsfield's public library, where an entire room and several smaller galleries are devoted to Melville's memory. Here is the desk at which he wrote "Billy Budd," his 1856 passport countersigned by his friend Nathaniel Hawthorne as United States Consul at Liverpool, three of his walking sticks, a tomahawk pipe, a key to Arrowhead (his nearby farm), an arrowhead from the farm itself, the author's New York Customs House badge, his tobacco box with compass inset, two quill pens on his desk tray, and his copy of a Berkshire County history with his signature on the flyleaf. There is also a copy of his poem "In a Nutshell" in his own handwriting, a dozen manuscript letters from his pen, much family correspondence, numerous photographs and portraits of people and things that played parts in his life.

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE: In 1843 Longfellow married Frances Appleton of Boston; her wealthy father gave them this house as a wedding present, and the poet and their six children lived there to the end of his days (1882). The house, which has been maintained by his descendants exactly as the author of "Evangeline" left it, is full of charm and interest. Part of this is due to the Washington influence. Longfellow's study, where most of the poems for which he is still beloved the world over were written, had been General Washington's office; Washington's Chippendale chair is still in place. There is also a hideous armchair made from the wood of "the spreading chestnut tree" of "The Village Blacksmith" fame. The Library which served as a Music Room, where the Norwegian violinist Ole Bull frequently performed, was also the scene of perhaps the only tragedy in Longfellow's otherwise placid and peaceful existence. Here the second Mrs. Longfellow, wearing a gown of flimsy material with several undersheathings of petticoats, stood before the open fireplace when a spark ignited the dress. Longfellow carried her into the next room and smothered the flames, but she died, partly from shock. Despite this calamity, the poet continued to live here with the children, who as they grew older brought back knickknacks from all over the world for the old man's pleasure.



—NELSON LANSDALE.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Adventures of Jacabowsky

COLUMBIA has evidently had a tough time settling on a title for its movie version of "Jacabowsky and the Colonel," the Franz Werfel-S. N. Behrman Broadway hit of some seasons back. The one they've come up with, **"Me and the Colonel,"** looks suspiciously as though it's been designed to kid the teen-age audience into assuming that the picture is a typical Danny Kaye vehicle. It isn't, of course. It is, for the most part, a finely wrought comedy, with poignant overtones, about the plight of a gentle but resourceful Polish Jew who is bent upon survival in the midst of the Nazi overrunning of France, and his zany adventures with an anti-Semitic Polish colonel. It isn't easy to joke about such matters as war, refugees, and anti-Semitism and at the same time avoid the charge of bad taste, but "Me and the Colonel" succeeds very well.

The Polish Jew is played by Mr. Kaye, in the most restrained style imaginable, and I found him delightful and touching. I also liked the bombastic colonel as interpreted by Curt Jurgens, who gives this character some inflated airs, an imposingly broad chest, a stupid courage, and a built-in prejudice. At one point Mr. Jacabowsky describes him as a "perfect twelfth-century man." He neglected to add that the type was, en masse, overrunning most of Europe at the moment. The colonel, however, slowly learns his lesson of tolerance during the course of the story, and also learns that courage can take several forms besides the obvious one. Mr. Jacabowsky gives him both these lessons.

When the colonel, the colonel's orderly (Akim Tamiroff), and Jacabowsky flee Paris they do their traveling in a Rolls Royce borrowed from the Rothschild stable of fine cars. Their style of travel seems remarkably ostentatious when set against the streams of refugees fleeing by foot and by wagon. However, the colonel has a mission—to get to Hendaye and from there to be taken by submarine to England—and for Jacabowsky, if he doesn't make it, the penalty is undoubtedly death. The problem is to hustle gas, especially after the colonel uses up the one tankful on a mad, romantic dash into the enemy advance, thereupon procuring another passenger, a lovely French girl, played charmingly by Nicole Maurey. The opportunities for callousness and bad taste were inherent all the way, here, but the movie neatly sidesteps them, except for one crack by a Nazi officer, who when apprised of the colonel's existence expresses surprise that any member of the Polish Army remains. This remark seems to be taken as just another "sick" joke by the audience.

Peter Glenville has utilized French backgrounds with sensitivity, and has used several fine actors in minor roles. The latter include Martita Hunt, Francoise Rosay, and Alexander Scourby. "Me and the Colonel," in spite of its silly title, turns out to be a charming adventure played for irony and heightened effect against the grisly time created by Hitler's goose-steppers.

* * *

Were it not for its shots of our Air Force jets in action, **"The Hunters"** might be dismissed as another routine air epic, for its cozy little plot involves near-adultery in Japan, the while the boys zoom through the deadly wild blue yonder in Korea. A girl called Kris (May Britt) inspires most of the emotional havoc. She's the wife of a pilot who has doubts about his courage. Meanwhile, his squadron commander strives manfully to reconcile his yen for the pilot's wife with his worry for the pilot's welfare. Robert Mitchum plays the stalwart squadron leader, with a neurotic (Lee Philips) on one wing tip and a cocksure daredevil (Robert Wagner) on the other. Before matters are resolved everyone has learned something valuable about himself and the others, and "Casey Jones," the Chinese killer pilot, has been shot down. The incidents include a dramatic dash through enemy lines and a romantic interlude in Kyoto.

But the real interest of the picture resides in its shots of aerial flight and combat, which are truly impressive, and which manage to keep the movie off the ground. Dick Powell was the director and producer, and he seems a good deal better at getting action on the screen than emotional anguish.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Unburiable Shaw

IN "Shaw on Theatre" (Hill and Wang. $3.95), editor E. J. West has put together an entertaining and most informative collection of Shavian writing unavailable in other books. For those who already own his complete plays, and "The Selected Prose of George Bernard Shaw," this book will be an indispensable supplement. No more need be said. But even for those who do not have these and other Shaw collections, this book stands by itself as an excellent source of stimulating thought about the theatre.

The wisest and best remarks in this little volume concern such subjects as acting ("Bad acting is the indulgence of imagination instead of the exercise of skill"), speech ("It is not perfect articulation but perfect intelligence that finds the nail in every phrase and hits it on the head unerringly"), directing ("My formula is making the audience believe real things are happening to real people" or "The perfect director lets his actors act, and is their helper and not their dictator"), playwriting ("The best plays consist of a single situation lasting several hours" or "To hold the mirror up to nature is playwriting's purpose, but it is certainly not its method"), repertory theatre ("Wise rulers establish or subsidize national theatres"), theatre planning ("In the new theatre the stage must be in general conception a tribune, and not a ridiculous peepshow with painted canvas profiles pretending to be natural scenery"), motion pictures ("The film corporations' notion of a screened play was really only a movie with spoken subtitles"), censorship ("I will make the Catholic Action a present of all the Catholics who never dream of going to the theatre under any circumstances, but I defy it to add a baker's dozen to that number by any interdict it can utter"), audiences ("For plays of this class ['Major Barbara'] the great question is whether the audience will be a failure or a success"), drama criticism ("There is one check on the badness of drama criticism and that is the talent of the critic. He cannot always help its creeping in in spite of himself"), Shakespeare ("Shakespeare, great at 'drama,' 'farce,' and 'fairy extravaganza,' had no idea of 'comedy' "), Shaw ("I have unfortunately this desperate temptation that suddenly comes to me, just when I am really rising to the height of my power, that I may become really tragic and great: some absurd joke occurs, and the anti-climax is irresistible"), and finally drama ("What the drama can do is to take this unmeaning, haphazard show of life, that means nothing to you, and arrange it in an intelligible order, and arrange it in such a way as to make you think very much more deeply about it than you ever dreamed of thinking about actual incidents that come to your knowledge").

Editor West's selection of pieces, which he has arranged chronologically, has the pleasant virtue of telling a great deal about Shaw. When the late playwright is quoted as saying, "Shakespeare or any of the other great dramatists whose names begin with the same two letters," we chuckle at Shaw's audacity in lumping himself with Shakespeare. But we stop short, because who else has a better claim to the Number Two position in English drama? And then it strikes us that Shaw did not say "the same *three* letters" and now we smile at his modesty at allowing Sheridan to be grouped with him and the Bard.

This pattern is typical of Shaw's technique, and those who would dismiss him for his audacious exaggerations will do well to consider the total didactic effect, rather than the obvious untruthfulness of some of his statements. For Shaw seemed to want above all else to be useful in pushing mankind towards the new and better civilization he prophesied. This desire led him to support the USSR program in many ways, although one suspects that if he had been as active in its execution as he was in the producing of plays, he would have evolved a set of rules which would have made him about as popular with the Kremlin as Leon Trotsky.

By covering a fifty-year span and concentrating on the field Shaw knew first-hand, "Shaw on Theatre" brings its reader closer to understanding this deeply religious man who made himself simultaneously entertaining and useful by irreligiously attacking all the nonsensical institutions which tend to make mankind vulgar and mean. —HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

Time, Popeye, and the U.N.

TELEVISION viewers who were edified by the network coverage of the United Nations Security Council debates on the crisis in Lebanon must have experienced some measure of shock and despair when they read, subsequently, the August 4 issue of *Time* magazine. Under a heading "The Peace-Loving Audience," the *Time* staff conveyed the "discouraging" image of "belligerent" telephone-callers and letterwriters "incessantly" complaining "across the nation" to TV program directors about the cancellation or interpretation of their favorite entertainment shows in order that TV stations might keep abreast of the fastbreaking U.N. story with summaries, bulletins, analyses, and live telecasts of Security Council sessions. *Time* said in its final paragraph: "The networks stuck to their guns and stayed zeroed in on the U.N., holding high the banner of public service, whether the public wanted it or not."

Fortunately (also regrettably), this wasn't the whole story. *Time* magazine cited ABC's Cleveland television station, WEWS, as never having received "so many complaints in a single day" demanding "how long are you going to keep the U.N. session on the air?" The *Time* report did not say that the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer* published a front-page item about the irate calls the next morning; and that this, apparently, inspired viewers of WEWS to jam the station's switchboard with calls all day and into the evening stoutly supporting the ABC U.N. coverage and insisting that the station "pay no attention to the complainers." ABC's V.P. for Public Affairs, John Daly, commenting for the network, reported that its New York headquarters had "no protests, no visible reaction, and hadn't expected any." This despite the fact that ABC had cancelled during one evening, in varying time zones, such shows as "Zorro," "Circus Boy," "Mickey Mouse," and "Woody Woodpecker." *Time* quoted from just one negative letter each to NBC and CBS. CBS revealed later that it had received a grand total of ten letters, six of which were critical of the U.N. and four of which approved it. The writers reacted to a full-week period, during which CBS carried twenty-two hours and thirty-six minutes of broadcasts from or about the Lebanon crisis.

NBC, a month after the Security Council sessions, reported that the network's total letter count was 110: ninety-three favorable and only seventeen critical. *Time* chose its one negative quote from an assortment of forty, pro and con, furnished by NBC. The heavy NBC favorable response is significant in view of the fact that the network, in only a four-day period of intensive coverage, carried thirty-six and one-half hours of Security Council coverage, which required the cancellation or interruption of twenty-three sponsored programs (all daytime except "Dragnet"). NBC's letter-count should be balanced against an informal estimate, made by its telephone girls in New York City, that, of approximately 100 calls received, eighty were critical of the U.N. coverage, twenty were favorable. A TV station in San Francisco, on the other hand, reported that it had received fifty telephone calls, 98 per cent of which were favorable. This column, in its checking, identified only two other reported flurries of phoned criticism, one in Chicago and a second in Cleveland.

The notion that the reaction of the national TV audience to the network coverage of the U.N. can be accurately or usefully measured by a gross sample of 116 letters and perhaps 200 telephone calls in four cities "across the nation" is open to fair challenge. Assuming this questionable sample to be valid, nevertheless, we still find the supporters overwhelming the critics by phone in San Francisco and Cleveland, running substantially behind in New York, while the letterwriters in favor swamp the complainers 110 to ten. This is the American "public" which *Time* led its readers to believe "just plain didn't care to hear or read about the mess."

One writer states she doesn't mind U.N. coverage but deprecates the "broken record" treatment. Another asserts: "Women aren't interested: keep it for the men when they come home in the evening." Twenty "old folks" gathered in a "civic center in Florida" complained that they "couldn't understand French and Swedish, and their whole evening of watching favorite programs was spoiled." "Pretty soon it will be election time," moaned the "civic-minded" senior citizens, "and then God help us." The twenty-one friendly correspondents ranged from a New Jersey woman who pleaded, "Please don't wait for a crisis. American housewives need programs to keep them alert to world problems every day" to a Chicago lady who felt sure that "many regular viewers were most interested in the U.N. proceedings" and, in addition, "there is a vast army of us who never turn our sets to 'Queen for a Day' but rush eagerly to the switch for the United Nations." Another Chicago housewife wrote: "I have taken notes on these broadcasts so that I could give my husband additional information when he came home in the evening." A Schenectady woman considered NBC's failure to carry its intensive coverage into the second week of the Security Council meetings "a blow to freedom."

NOT all American housewives, it seems, were frightened, bored, and seeking anxious escape or ersatz fulfilment from TV. Television managers must bear their fair share of the diffused responsibility for whatever anger was loosed by the U.N. coverage; you cannot feed an appetite and then play the astonished innocent when you suddenly cut off the food supply and the hungry turn on you. But those who are for the networks' "higher destiny" are as many (perhaps more) than those who are opposed. True, the United Nations debates are very formal, very cerebral stuff. But there are many "publics" in the United States, and it is dangerous to forget that it is usually the "smaller" public that votes and makes crucial decisions for all of us. If we are to accept *Time*'s image of ourselves, then the American show is over—for everyone, networks and sponsors included. Hopefully, it "just ain't so."

The networks should and will continue their pre-emption pattern for crisis coverage. They ought to continue to refine their techniques and eliminate much of their current hit-and-run repetition. They should dig deeper into their evening schedules with interpretive and background shows; it may be good business, but it is poor statesmanship to assume that each day's world crisis ends at 6 p.m. As for the public, there is no other viable conviction but (in the words of a lady letterwriter to a network) "a basic, unshakable belief in the intelligence of the American people." —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

In Another World

GRANADA.

FOR those looking for an offbeat festival, we can recommend the Granada Festival of Music and Dance. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that all performances are of Salzburg or Edinburgh caliber—although some of them are. But we can think of no other festival that takes place in surroundings comparable to the Alhambra and the Generalife gardens. Two deliciously beautiful patios of the Alhambra are used for recitals. The gardens of the Generalife, the summer retreat of the former Moorish rulers of Granada, provide a spectacular setting for ballet. And concerts and opera take place in the Palace of Charles V, a splendid piece of Renaissance architecture. All performances are thus out-of-doors, and in the seven years of the festival's existence there has been no cancellation because of rain.

If the immediate settings for the festival are superb, the larger frame is grandiose. Granada is situated on a plateau surrounded by mountains that create a landscape of great breadth and majesty. During the daytime the weather is hot, but the evenings are delightfully cool and fresh. For this reason the performances begin, theoretically at least, at 11 P.M. In actuality they begin twenty to thirty minutes later, and may last until well after two in the morning. The exotic surroundings, the exotic hour, and the general atmosphere of "mañana" all contribute to make a visit to the Granada Festival something of an excursion into another world.

Granada is a relative newcomer among the many festivals of Europe, having been founded in 1952. To date, it seems not to have decided just what kind of festival it wants to be. This year's program included a considerable number of Spanish works, which were most appropriate in the setting, and a larger number of "old chestnuts" that seemed less so. The reason for this apparent discrepancy lies in the nature of the festival audiences. These are drawn primarily from the citizens of Granada, who want to hear the "classics" performed by big names. Thus, we had Rubinstein playing the Brahms Second and Rachmaninoff Second Piano Concertos, not to mention Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" Symphony, which received an hysterical rendition at the hands of Jean Martinon.

The visitor to Granada, on the other hand, is probably more interested in Spanish offerings, since he can hear Rubinstein—who played superbly, by the way—in many of the world's larger cities in the course of the regular season. It was particularly laudable, therefore, that Manuel de Falla's youthful opera "La Vida Breve" was revived this season. It is not a supreme masterpiece, to be sure, but it contains some very fine music. Moreover, the choice of this particular work was especially appropriate in that the story takes place in Granada itself.

The performance was a splendid one. An excellent cast was headed by Victoria de los Angeles, who sang magnificently, as she also did in a solo recital in the Alhambra a few days later. Eduardo Toldrá's conducting was of the first order; the Orquestra Naçional (Madrid), which on other occasions sounded third-rate, responded admirably to his leadership. The interludes and the wedding scene were filled with dancing by Antonio and his ballet. The highly-imaginative choreography was by Antonio himself. To top off the evening Antonio and his ballet gave a scintillating performance of De Falla's "Three Cornered Hat."

THE Granada Festival lasts exactly two weeks, with a performance every evening at 11 P.M. and a few "matinées" at 8:15 P.M. One of the most delightful of the latter was a recital by Segovia in the Alhambra's ravishing Patio de los Leones, in which every note of this great guitarist was audible. The Paris Opera Ballet contributed three evenings in the Generalife gardens. The Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra played two concerts, in one of which the American flautist Elaine Schaffer gave a beautiful performance of Mozart's G Major Concerto. In the opening concert Enrique Jordá conducted the Orquestra Naçional and Segovia appeared as soloist in the charming and unpretentious "Fantasio para un Gentilhombre," by Rodrigo. —EVERETT HELM.

Hobbema and the Casks

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

In Oct. 1668 Ruisdael was a witness to the marriage between Hobbema and the cook of the Burgomaster of Amsterdam. This marriage marked the end of Hobbema's artistic career, for through the position and influence of his wife he received a municipal appointment. He had henceforth to gauge the casks, in which wine was imported into Holland, and estimate their contents in the Amsterdam measure; and he had no more time for painting.

—*"Hobbema,"* Encyclopaedia Britannica, *14th Ed.*

WINE in this cloudy north could change the still,
Pale, amber light that flows upon the mill
And tinge those mossy lanes where cattle graze.
Yes, wine might be a token of the days
When dampness blooms against your cellar wall.
The air is thick. The shadows shift and fall.
Rain and the mist lay wreaths against the rock,
And death strikes in you deeper than a clock
Which chimes the choice, the bribe, the tedious task
Of passing time by peering at a cask.

Is wine for sleepy-heads? The best of wine
Is madness bottled with a secret sign
That warns dull eyes of danger, makes them look
Beyond the tulip patch, the ledger book,
The quiet music lesson that your brush
Reduced to paint. Wine is the sweep and rush
Of storms that whipped you, and of blood that shot
From stricken veins when war rode hard and hot.

The kitchen calls you now. The feast is spread.
The ample cook you claimed is decked for bed.
Put down your gauge, and climb out of your tomb
To the world's body in the dusk's wide room,
To poisoned cups, and voices flexed in rage
That urge your canvas sheep to axe and cage.

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Fiction

Continued from page 13

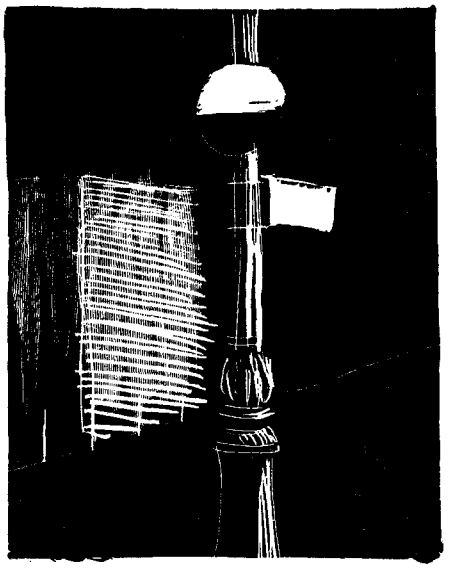
is engrossing. He concludes with an ironic reprise of the original theme, a flight from and a return to East Norton where there is a rendezvous with the revelations that a small town feeds upon for partisanship and scandal.

The characters of the novel are credible and interesting: Fran Walker, the nurse; Parker Welk, the editor; Bert Mosley, trapped in unfulfillment; Stewed Schaeffer, the town drunk. Through them, the town itself acquires convincing reality, although the locale is not sharply differentiated from most contemporary small towns.

East Norton is not unique in being sex-centered. A release of the Massachusetts Department of Public Health issued recently emphasizes changes in sex habits, the increasing sexual aggressiveness of women, and the non-commercialized promiscuity of the times. Mr. Mergendahl shows this too, and his treatment of sex may be the book's chief interest for many readers. The publishers invite attention at the outset to the precedents of "King's Row" and "Peyton Place," but inevitably the comparison would spring to the reader's mind.

"The Bramble Bush" is a story of love and conflicting loyalties and ideals which might have been even more moving if it had been told with traditional reticence. But it lies in the context of a period that such agencies as a state Department of Public Health are worried about, and obviously Mr. Mergendahl has tried to strike an honest balance as a storyteller. He writes with fluency and much feeling.

MISSION TO INDIA: In Robin White's book, **"House of Many Rooms"** (Harper, $3.50), the Reverend Mr. Fisher, an earnest American missionary in South India, was faced with a great



many trials. There were, for instance, his four individualistic children, none of whom seemed properly reverent. There was his wife, who was inclined to giggle at difficulties. There was the old cook's new wife, an alluring dancing girl. There was a ghost at the turn of the stairs. And there was India, with its curious capacity for dilution and transformation.

Long ago, for instance, the tiny village of Thappur had been Christianized, and an Indian deacon left in charge of the local flock. But over the years strange rumors have seeped from the village; it is time now for Mr. Fisher to load his family and their favorite possessions (including the Monopoly set) into an ox cart and travel the twenty miles of dirt road to Thappur, on an inspection visit. When they arrive they are greeted by a welcoming committee:

> It was unlike any Christian group we had ever seen. The people were wild-looking, with long, unkempt hair and painted faces. They were squatting silently under the banyan trees, and drawn up in front of them was a whole raft of monstrous and grotesque idols—huge brightly painted idols of Mary and Jesus and all the disciples and a few saints none of us recognized. The idols had been placed on gilted palanquins decorated with streamers and church banners, and Jesus himself, who had been given wings, claws, huge eyeteeth, half a dozen arms to show his superiority, and a halo that wobbled at the end of a wire, was seated, or rather perched like an eagle, on a gold-painted throne.

How the father survived this experience, with the aid of the philosophical deacon and the Communion wine, is the first of eleven stories about the Fishers, as a family and as individuals. Aaron, at seventeen, is more deeply affected by India than any of the others. There is also fourteen-year-old Samuel, the narrator of six of the stories. And Clare, the passionate twelve year old. Last of all, little Barney, who because he is six, is allowed to see the ghost. All of them seem very real, as indeed, they probably were.

Robin White was born in India and lived there until he was sixteen—which of course accounts for the excellent accuracy of his Indian background scenes. (I do not remember ever having read a better description of an Indian bazaar than the one which appears here.) His people, too, are completely believable. It is hard, therefore, to account for the dissatisfied impression of misty diffusion which his book conveys. It may be because the narration switches from the first person to the third halfway through, and the change comes as a wrench. It may be due to our expectation that a novel with an Indian setting is going to make some point about India, or about missionaries living in India; the point, if it is there, is obscure. But perhaps we shouldn't care, for basically this is a collection of short stories about likeable people who might have lived out their destinies almost anywhere in the world.

—MARGARET PARTON.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Wilkie Collins: "The Moonstone." 2. Dorothy L. Sayers: "The Nine Tailors." 3. E. C. Bentley: "Trent's Last Case." 4. John Buchan: "The Thirty-nine Steps." 5. Agatha Christie: "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd." 6. Frances Noyes Hart: "The Bellamy Trial." 7. Mary Roberts Rinehart: "The Circular Staircase." 8. S. S. Van Dine: "The Canary Murder Case." 9. R. Austin Freeman: "Dr. Thorndyke's Discovery." 10. Dashiell Hammett: "The Maltese Falcon." 11. A. Conan Doyle: "A Study in Scarlet." 12. Earl Derr Biggers: "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

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Pogo

Continued from page 9

to form a splinter party and claim that you are a bum. Do not listen to splinter parties. The humorist must be relentless and ruthless.

Lay it on, because you've got them going. They are on the way. Say that not only are cats crosseyed, but they are bowlegged. Two or three bowlegged mice will leave noisily, trying to stamp out the laughter. One may even turn at the door and hurl a threat. It will not be heard above the good-humored screams. So, you will pay no attention.

Press ahead. The crowd is in the aisles. Tell it that cats are nonentities. They are all gray in the dark. Now, you will see what happens to a humorist. You have finally told the truth, but it is a truth about mice as well as cats. You will be eaten alive. The humorist must be quick of mind, light of hand, and fleet of foot. But, we digress.

If the eighteen months of the Geophysical Year (the year in which we have watched the Russians fling moons into the stars) have done no other good, we at least should have been led to plumb some of our depths and to find out not only about the Russians but about the Inner Space: ourselves. We have been mistaken about the Russians not in one way alone, but in many. But also we continue to be mistaken about ourselves. And, how can we understand the outsider if we do not know the stranger who is in our skin?

Such a question extends not just to the nation but to the individual. To repeat, after a fashion, the humorist who feels that his horizons are limited because he can no longer make class-conscious or racial jokes should realize that if he knows himself well enough he will never run out of material.

The frog looking at his own land and seeing nothing new strikes some of us at least as funny, but how often have we looked at the U. S. and seen nothing new? Yet it is full of surprises. Without exactly meaning it, we Americans have set ourselves up as people of high good humor, great fellows for the funny side of everything. But like world experts everywhere, we are somewhat undependable sailors, paradoxically more or less at sea when ashore and on shaky ground when afloat. It thus can be seen that ideas for cartoonists and the basic bricks for jokes everywhere abound.

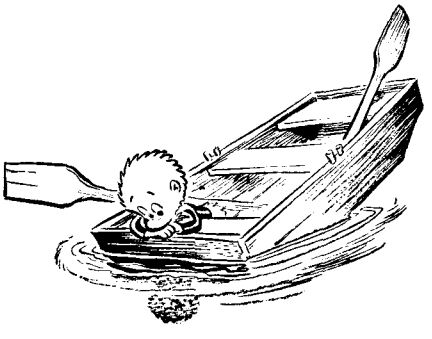
But one real rule for humor is very simple. When people are fools, they are funny. And if the people who happen to be fools are us, we are nonetheless funny. That disaster can result when too many of us are fools still does not change the basic mechanical formula for the joke.

No one needs a leader to take him by the hand and show him either how to be a dolt or how to reach the summit. Either goal is attainable by the individual. A man needs no crutch but himself and only the man who owns one can tell you how shaky that crutch will always be.

To sum up, the Abominable Snowman, who exists because of every man's indulgence of himself, is a joke. He is a myth. He is real. He is terrible.

The Geophysical Year can be followed by many years of further probing of the space around us, under us, and over us. But the year that might make a real difference would be a never-ending Year of Man for the study of Inner Space. It is not enough to leave all the work up to the scientists, the theologians, and the statesmen. Perhaps it will be forgiven in this moment of need when a cartoonist tries to put a caboose on a jagged train of thought if we look up something in a "Pogo" book written some time ago:

"There is no need to sally forth, for it remains true that those things which make us human are, curiously enough, always close at hand. Resolve then, that on this very ground, with small flags waving and tinny blasts on tiny trumpets, we shall meet the enemy, and not only may he be ours, he may be us."



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Here I met democracy as a living reality. Residing in this country, observing with lively interest the everyday life of its people and the functioning of its institutions, is a great and illuminating, an unforgettable lesson in political philosophy.

Mountaineering

Continued from page 19

selves: huge, impersonal, arbitrary, sparing where they are least likely to spare and striking where they are least expected. No wonder the pious Mother Dobler thought it a little unreasonable of the Almighty to be so capricious! And yet the final thought, when the dead are buried, the new houses and avalanche defences built, is that the Blonser return to their old ways. Will they even keep the defences in repair? They didn't last time. Little, really, has been learned, for that is the way of humans, and that is the lesson of catastrophe. The men of Blons muddle through, somehow, like the rest of us. They will go on muddling through, again like the rest of us, even if there are greater disasters in store.

"Coronation Everest" is a journalist's account of the Everest ascent of 1953. In Britain at any rate, five years have not dimmed the excitement of that success. To the public and press, it remains the trophy presented to the Queen on her Coronation, to mountaineers, the fulfilment of a dream, as well as the impulse to new adventure. Between the two conceptions there remains a gap, since the ways of the press are, in general, foreign to those of the mountaineers.

THE latter have already had their say. In this book, the former, with a modesty to make the most bashful mountaineer look brazen, now has the last word. James Morris, accredited correspondent to the expedition from *The Times* (which had given generously and held the copyright of the story), tells of his own part: how he surmounted obstacles at Kathmandu to catch up with the party at Base Camp, and with no previous mountain experience at all made an ascent of the icefall; how he devised a code to deceive possible interceptors of his radio message; how he got to know Sherpas and climbers; how he climbed to Camp IV in time to greet the summit party and dashed down through the twilight with his news; finally, a triumph of competitive journalism, how his message side-stepped every rival and reached London intact to be given to the world on Coronation morning as "first announced in a copyright dispatch of *The Times*." For him June 2, rather than May 29, was the climax of those months; and it is no disparagement to add that, to the returning climbers, this Coronation Everest looked like a strangely differ-

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ent colossus from the remote bastion of rock and ice which had been occupying them. Coronation Everest may not be the mountaineers' Everest but it is none the less real for that. One thing we liked particularly about Mr. Morris was his refusal to be taken in by mountain mystique, or to find climbers any more interesting than, say, anglers, cricketers, or other kindred cranks. He sees the place therefore through different eyes, through eyes keenly observant, humorous, ironical often, but not unkind; and standing outside the day-to-day job of getting up and down the mountain, he sees drama, tension, climax, where the protagonists often saw little beyond the next meal.

A few, very few, mistakes of fact occur, and one, to my mind, of emphasis, in the background picture given at the beginning. There was little gentlemanly amateurism about the prewar expeditions, and the public *was* interested in them. Means of communication may not have been so brisk, but the will to publicity was there. So indeed was nationalism, which raised its head with the Nazis on Nanga Parbat, and others, long before the French were justifiably proud of climbing Annapurna. It is a very transient feature anyway. But these quibbles detract little from a story which goes far to bridge that gap, a story which comes unexpectedly, yet worthily too, to crown the saga of Everest.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 792

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 792 will be found in the next issue.

KE KF WGDI RCFKRH

EX NR DHKEKDCZ EICV

EX NR DXHHRDE.

—NRVLCWKV AKFHCRZK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 791

Any fool can paint a picture, but it takes a wise man to be able to sell it.

—SAMUEL BUTLER.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

AUGUST 30, 1958

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Hidden Treasures of Rachmaninoff

By JAN HOLCMAN

UNTIL recently, the LP fan could hear the unique melodist, Sergei Rachmaninoff, as pianist only in his four Concertos and the "Paganini Rhapsody." Now that Camden RCA has reissued the Chopin Sonata in B flat minor, coupled with Schumann's "Carnival," all the substantial works generally known to be recorded by Rachmaninoff are available on LP. But the larger treasure-trove—soon to be explored by Camden's LP experts—is still hidden on 78s. No less than eighty-one records on Edison, Victrola, and its relatives RCA Victor plus HMV have captured nearly twenty-five years of his artistic endeavors (1918-1942) in a repertory ranging from Scarlatti to Debussy—eight hours of Rachmaninoff!

It is only eight hours of Rachmaninoff, however, for the few lucky collectors in the world who have managed to save all of his 78s. How many of these records will undergo LP-izing depends to a large extent on the general public. For in the stereophonic era the record companies live on golden tones and three-dimensional climaxes—not on reprints of masters first made in the 1920s and 1930s. Nevertheless, public demand for these items can compel their reappearance. The first response to such a demand is perhaps the RCA Camden Series. And if the public shows a sufficient enthusiasm about this, we may hope that most of the Golden Age artists will eventually show up.

". . . profound and responsible approach to art."

Only then will Rachmaninoff be accessible to everyone.

Rachmaninoff's pianism represents far more than "an art of playing"—it should actually be called the art of "speaking" the piano. The shortest phrase was long enough for him to convey a dramatic message. A master of intonation, punctuation, and culmination, Rachmaninoff was able to impose his individual concepts with a despotic authority which was irresistible, whether his ideas did or did not correspond with usual preferences. Thus, the pianist could turn an anemic miniature like the Grieg "Elfin Dance" into a vital little masterpiece. Many a popular piece like Tchaikowsky's "Humoresque," "executed" 1,000 times by innocent young girls who "studied piano," was interpreted only once—by Rachmaninoff. He resuscitated and immortalized such compositions on discs, proving how great any work can be if the performer is truly great. Moreover, artistic and pianistic stamina helped the master preserve his command

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At the keyboard—"years of uncompromising drill."

over the keyboard to the very end. On records made at the age of sixty-eight, a year before his death, the drama of the Chopin-Liszt "Return Home" and the poetry of the Tchaikowsky-Rachmaninoff "Lullaby" (one of his twenty-seven unpublished RCA-Masters) comes through unimpaired.

It took Rachmaninoff many years of uncompromising drill to secure the technical means needed for vitalizing his ingenious musical ideas. Equipped with enormous hands, power, and endurance, he was capable of meeting every possible pianistic task. Although Rachmaninoff believed in technique, it was not his religion. He used to warn students against the kind of virtuosity he called "superficial exhibition at the keyboard." Even the crystalline finger technique displayed in his version of Debussy's "Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum," or the astonishing speed and precision of the double-notes heard in Henselt's "Were I a Bird," would not bring to our mind the word "virtuosity."

Perfectly aware that a technique becomes a blessing only when at the service of the music itself, Rachmaninoff never attempted to exhibit his digital mastery. On the contrary, he often transformed so-called technical figurations into melodious passages, and this without reducing the required speed. In his "Moment Musical" (E flat minor) he treats the background-sextuplets with an expressiveness which gives the work a new dimension.

Rachmaninoff's recordings have done him justice, faithfully reflecting his manifold pianistic mastery. In his "Etude Tableau," Op. 39, and "Oriental Sketch" he cages titanic dynamics in an iron rhythm. In Liszt's "Gnomenreigen" and Borodin's "Scherzo" ("orchestrated" on the keyboard by Rachmaninoff, the conductor) we experience the persistent pulsation of motor-throb rhythm rendered in electrifying staccatos, emphasized still more by spine-tingling accentuation. For a complex interaction of dynamics and pedalling, listen to the Strauss-Tausig "One Lives But Once," where Rachmaninoff succeeded in producing that memorable acoustic effect in bars 336-7. In this version we also hear the delicate waltz-motives escorted by steel octaves and a light artillery of repeated chords. The contemplative cantilena-episodes sing like human voices in his First Concerto. The full gamut of superb qualities is caught in Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp major, the recitations of which could be compared only to those of Busoni, Hofmann, and Friedmann.

Rachmaninoff demonstrated his own unique hypersensitive form of expression, however, in his art of polyphonic dialogue, created by means of unlimited dynamic independence between hands and his declamatory "cello-like" tone (the bass-register was the favored territory of Rachmaninoff, the orator; I cannot think of any other pianist who handled with equal appeal this particular region). In his reading of "Daisies," the different voices appear as if introduced by different artists. One may wonder at a man who in his private life rarely said a word more than he had to, but who at his instrument proved to be the most eloquent conversationalist. Perhaps it took music to awaken all the carefully reserved emotion which found a volcanic outlet in his interpretations.

On pain of outraging the musical provincialist, I must here state that Rachmaninoff's eloquent polyphonic recitations intriguingly resemble the sensuous phrasing of the best piano-performers of the blues. Rachmaninoff loved the original harmonies and rhythms of jazz and highly prized the innate art of improvisation introduced by such a pianist as Art Tatum. In a letter to his friend, Morozov, we read: "I am sorry that the rumor about my composing a whole series of fox-trots is untrue. I'd gladly have written them, for I like their original and inimitable rhythm." A deeper meaning of this affinity is hidden in those of Rachmaninoff's works which reflect a strong erotic tendency. Take, for instance, his increasing semi-chromatic sequences usually crowned by the ecstatic climax, or experience the sonic bliss induced by agonizing sequences in some sections of his Third Concerto, sequences which—especially when performed by the composer himself—may well have given Freud cause for meditation.

RACHMANINOFF owed his tremendous pianistic achievements to genius and diligence. But the exceptional creative climate in which his young talents matured also played an important part in his musical development. After receiving his initial piano training from his mother and other instructors, Rachmaninoff studied with Zvierev, the noted Russian pedagogue, whom he left at the age of sixteen due to a personal tangle. He continued, however, at the Moscow Conservatory, where Rachmaninoff completed at nineteen two majors, piano and composition, with highest honors—the Gold Medal. Yet it was not Zvierev, but Anton Rubinstein, Rachmaninoff's early inspiration, whose demonic vitality left an unforgettable imprint on young Sergei. Later he was considerably influenced by the new meteor, Josef Hofmann, to whom Rachmaninoff owed some ideas as to touch, pedalling, and finger-coordination. These adaptations did not prevent Rachmaninoff from creating his own, entirely original style of playing, which distinguishes him from his two models. Unlike Rubinstein, Rachmaninoff preferred a disciplined ap-

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proach to the hazardous one which often used to cost the performed work its "life." Unlike Hofmann, Rachmaninoff never changed a conception once acquired. His mood might determine the temperature, but never the character, of his interpretations. This steadiness is documented in his two brilliant versions of the "Spinning Song" (Mendelssohn) recorded in 1929 and again in 1938, and in his own "Polka," recorded in 1928 and 1938. While the earlier readings show slightly more exaggerated ritardandos and sharper non-legatos, basically they are identical.

The essential difference between Rachmaninoff and Hofmann was their basic approach to a composition. While Hofmann had the ambition and talent to detect and stylize in every work its specific, individual qualities, Rachmaninoff individualized them in his own style, at times making Mozart sound like Mussorgsky. This "Rachmanization" was most natural in his own works, of which the composer was unquestionably the best performer. Works of the other Russian romantics also stood up remarkably well under such interpretation. This was not the case, however, with all non-Russian composers. And while the principal trait of Rachmaninoff's strongly magnetic performances—his unruffled continuity—helped the master insinuate many subjective ideas, some of these conceptions did not appeal to the taste of other pianists.

Of all Rachmaninoff's readings, the "Carnival" and the "Funeral March" Sonata have aroused the liveliest controversies among musicians. Some hail these versions as imperishable monuments, while others reject the pianist's highly personal approach. In the case of the "Carnival" this criticism may perhaps be justified from a purely stylistic viewpoint. If anything, Rachmaninoff succeeds in uniting what is usually played like a series of encores; each episode sounds as though it had emerged out of the previous one.

THE greatest conflict centers around his extremely intensive reading of the Chopin Sonata. In the first place, so the criticism runs, it is not "traditional." But what precisely does "traditional" mean, when applied to a score of such ultra-modern harmonies and free form? And, even granting the relevance of this criterion, Rachmaninoff *does* follow a tradition of a sort. The last thunderous return to the March theme in the third movement, awakening us with a sudden fortissimo that sets the strings quivering, was not originated by Rachmaninoff but by Anton Rubinstein, who envisioned the procession coming closer and closer and then passing on and out of sight. (Moriz Rosenthal once complained that the listener might want to *follow* the procession, instead of remaining in one place.) There is no sure way of knowing how Chopin himself imagined this recapitulation performed, for he indicated repeats only by a short-hand mark; but in works where he has written them out, the repeats invariably received new accents, dynamics, and other ornaments.

In the Finale—that fantastic proto-Prokofievan leviathan, which Schumann called "mockery, more than any kind of music"—Rachmaninoff again follows Anton Rubinstein. Rosenthal, who once (in the company of Liszt, no less) heard Rubinstein play this devilishly difficult score, said that the latter "blurred it beyond belief by incessant use of pedal, terrific crescendos, and incorrect techniques." Quite a different report comes from a second witness, Rachmaninoff, who heard this work played by Rubinstein on another occasion: "He produced here pedal effects," said Rachmaninoff, "that can never be described, but for anyone who remembers them they will always be treasured as one of the greatest musical joys."

Though Rachmaninoff's crescendos here are also "terrific," and the pedalling generous, even at the feverish velocity he chooses he does not blur and manages somehow in the midst of the nightmare to impart a kind of wild-organ sound to the piano. Once again Rachmaninoff, the melodist, finds a theme to emphasize. Why should this stunning, imaginative version of Chopin's most mysterious piece be less acceptable than any other? Is it because it is less dull? In point of fact no pianist ever knew what to do with this troublesome finale. In his letter to Fontana, Chopin himself describes the Finale in these terms: "The left hand and the right hand are gossiping in unison after the March." Admittedly, the Rachmaninoff rendition resembles nothing less than gossip—unless it be the gossip of Lucifer and his fellows. Perhaps the simple reading—a light, dry, almost colorless scaling over the keys—is closer to the spirit of this letter. But the music, standing alone, is something else. I have listened to this sonata performed by Godowsky, Backhaus, Cortot, Rubinstein, Horowitz, Novaes, Casadesus, and Gilels. For me, personally, Rachmaninoff wins the contest, although each of his competitors offered some passages which may be preferable to Rachmaninoff's for various reasons. As a whole, however, his performance is unmatched for its continuity and unrelenting tension.

After listening to the longest recorded recital—eight hours of Rachmaninoff—one can see why another master, Gieseking, considered Rachmaninoff the greatest pianist-musician of his time. We can also understand why Rachmaninoff's style left some marks on the beautiful pianistry of his younger contemporaries, Horowitz and Flier (the most independent of Soviet virtuosos). Less understood is the fact that other eminent modern Russian pianists who idolize Rachmaninoff, and would be expected to carry on his tradition, fail to approach the interpretative freedom characteristic of his performances. All this despite their uncommon technical abilities and other advantages perfected through flawless basic training. Abandoning this freedom, such Soviet piano-stars as Zak, Mierzanov, and Gilels erased the broader individual differences between their styles, differences which always existed among Busoni, Hofmann, and Rachmaninoff, whose fabulous pianism was guided by an equally superior musicianship. Of course, every epoch speaks in its own language. But if an epoch should be judged by its best representatives, we must agree that the golden era of Rachmaninoff remains as unsurpassed as its phenomenal protagonist. It was not his fingers or his inspiring teachers alone, but the whole profound, responsible approach to art, reflected in consummate musicianship, that created the noble glory of Rachmaninoff.

In his twenties—"strongly magnetic."

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Bach playing for Frederick the Great of Prussia.

BACH FOR OUR TIME

In Memoriam: Ramin, Lehmann, Hamel

By ALEXANDER L. RINGER

IN THE creative output of Johann Sebastian Bach the more than 200 church cantatas and motets that have come down to us occupy a position no less crucial than the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven or the forty-one symphonies of Mozart. Given not only their great number but also the various periods of Bach's life represented, they demonstrate perhaps more consistently than any other single aspect of this total that with the Leipzig Cantor inspiration was truly a continuous state of mind. It seems hardly credible, therefore, that the current Schwann Catalogue lists as available on LP records less than 25 per cent of the extant compositions, forty-nine church cantatas and the six motets to be exact.

While various sociological, religious, and linguistic factors may account in part for this surprising situation, there can be no question that first-rate performances of these in many respects unique works, worthy of a major recording effort, have remained exceedingly rare both here and abroad.

Under these circumstances the German Archive production of the motets and a choice selection of cantatas is making a very special contribution. Moreover, unpredictable fate has willed that all but one of the discs carry today the stamp of a final legacy, for the three men whose labors of love they incorporate have all been torn from their realms of rich musical activity within the past two years. Shortly after the death of Guenther Ramin, since 1939 occupant of the exalted position in Leipzig which had prompted most of Bach's finest vocal works two centuries earlier, Fritz Lehmann, the congenial conductor of most of the Archive recordings, succumbed to a heart attack during a Munich performance of the St. Matthew Passion on Good Friday 1956. Finally, last December 9, Fred Hamel, the energetic *spiritus rector* of post-war Deutsche Grammophon's remarkable recovery, passed away quite unexpectedly.

Fred Hamel was, of course, the planner and official responsible for the entire Archive production. Nothing could have been closer to the heart of the Bach expert of long standing, author of an admirable exposition of Bach's spiritual world, published in 1951 in the midst of the most ambitious recording activities, than the presentation of Research Period IX, The Works of Johann Sebastian Bach. Thus, it is to Hamel that we owe the discovery of Lehmann, a rather obscure provincial conductor, as one of the leading Bach interpreters in our time. In his obituary for Lehmann, published in the magazine *Musica* (of which he was co-founder and editor-in-chief), Hamel recalled that it had been Lehmann's Bach performances in Wuppertal shortly after the war which made him realize that "here our generation had found . . . 'its Bach,' and the experience remained unforgettable."

Thanks to the Archive legacy the world continues to share in this "unforgettable experience" as conveyed by the late Fritz Lehmann with some of the finest Bach singers and instrumentalists anywhere and taped by Deutsche Grammophon's top musician-technicians. Outstanding are the recordings of cantatas 1, 19, 21, 39, 79, and 105, made in the course of a practically uninterrupted six-day session in the Jesus Christ Church of Berlin-Dahlem under the technical supervision of Karl-Heinz Westphal. The featured singers are the ever-reliable Gunthild Weber (soprano), Lore Fischer (contralto), Helmut Krebs (an exquisite tenor), and the remarkably flexible bass Herrmann Schey. The instrumental parts are played flawlessly by members of the Berlin Philharmonic, and the Berlin Motet Choir offers some of the best choral work on records. Neither Grischkat's performance of No. 19 with inferior forces on the old Renaissance disc nor Sternberg's Bach Guild recording of No. 21 is a match for Lehmann's relaxed tempos vitalized by springy rhythms and subtly effective accentuations, or his delicate phrasing, authentic treatment of dynamics, and perfect balance of vocal and instrumental bodies. Lehmann's versions of the glorious Reformation Cantata No. 79, the confident No. 1 with its concerto-like treatment of the horns and solo violin in the outer movements, the merciful No. 39, "Give the hungry man thy bread," and the trembling No. 105, "Lord, weigh Thou and judge us not by our default," find no competitors whatsoever in the current LP repertoire. At least as far as quality of both the musical ingredients and the finished technical product are concerned, this judgment may remain unchanged for some time to come.

The earlier Archive recordings of the solo cantatas 170 and 189 suffer somewhat from an unfortunate choice of vocal soloists. Leopold Ludwig's operatic, slightly straining tenor does little to enhance the rather conventional features of No. 189, a work of doubtful authenticity, Albert Schweitzer's enthusiastic judgment notwithstanding. The famous No. 170, "O blessed rest," is similarly treated by Elisabeth Hoengen's tremolo-heavy contralto. Alfred Deller's countertenor rendition of this beautiful work (Vanguard) would seem preferable, were it not for the fact that the constant changes in voice register, necessitated by the wide melodic skips, result in a slightly mannered performance. The impact of Roessel-Majdan's superior vocal work (Bach Guild), on the other hand, is counteracted by Herman Scherchen's peculiar tempo conceptions and staccato-like accompaniments which, compounded by the use of a harpsichord instead of the indispensable obbligato organ, all but ruin the charming echo effects of the final aria. In this one instance, then, the Archive version wins only by default.

Lehmann thought of the unique chorale variation cantata No. 4 as a wholly lyrical work, slow in tempo from the opening sighs of the *sinfonia* on. Thus, the central variation which describes the battle between life and death has little of the excitement of Robert Shaw's older interpretation on RCA Victor, or, for that matter, Lehmann's own breathtaking performance of the similar opening chorus of can-

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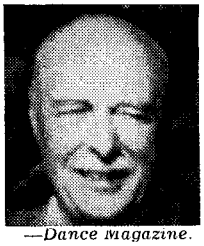
tata No. 19, in which the voices hammer out the struggle between the Archangel Michael and the dragon with a rhythmic precision and intensity that actually borders on the superhuman. Admittedly, the singers and instrumentalists of the 1950 Goettingen Bach Festival are not quite the equivalent of Lehmann's Berlin group, nor do the acoustics of the Goettingen Church of St. John stand comparison with those of the Dahlem church. These factors plus the inadequate rehearsal time often associated with festivals may account at least in part for the conductor's very deliberate approach. Redeeming elements are the characteristic plasticity of every phrase moving beautifully shaped toward its inevitable goal and the welcome presence, besides Helmut Krebs, of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau.

The velvety quality of Fischer-Dieskau's lyrical bass paired with his impeccable musicianship is also responsible for the superior recording of the "Kreuzstab" cantata and, on the reverse side, "O Lord, 'tis enough." The conductor, Karl Ristenpart, certainly lacks Lehmann's rhythmic infallibility, but the singer's musical sensitivity and his immaculate articulation place this "Kreuzstab" a whole step above its only rival, the Bach Guild version with Alois Pernerstorfer. In view of the total effect one easily forgets the hurried oboe ritornel of the fabulously sung aria "Endlich, endlich," and the not entirely satisfactory microphone placement at the beginning of the companion piece.

Considering his pathetic "Short but most necessary draft for a well appointed church music," addressed to the Leipzig Town Council in August 1730, it is not difficult to imagine how the troubled Cantor would have reacted to the admirable recordings of his six motets by the post-World War II *Thomanerchor* under the late Professor Guenther Ramin. Bach's one-time superior at St. Thomas, the pedagogue Johann Matthias Gesner, once described his former cantor as "full of rhythm in every part of his body" while directing a performance. In this respect alone Ramin has done his illustrious predecessor no less honor than Fritz Lehmann. But in addition the smooth legatos and aggressive staccatos of his perfectly balanced group of select boys and men create such an absolute consistency in sound that any instrumental support of the vocal parts, so necessary in Bach's days, would only have blurred the miraculous clarity of the contrapuntal lines. The results are veritable vocal symphonies reminding us of the enthusiastic words of Bach's first biographer, J. N. Forkel, who exclaimed that "in splendour, wealth of harmony and melody, and intellect, they excel everything of their kind."

Thus, the recorded Bach legacy of the lamented Hamel-Lehmann-Ramin trio is characterized by presentations that are at once modern and authentic, timeless and timebound in spirit and material realization. In its final analysis the late producer's secret formula was really quite simple and obvious. Instead of relying upon star performers capable of perhaps one or two outstanding interpretations, he selected men and women filled with his own deep devotion, the kind that stems from the prolonged study of and subsequent identification with the musical texts and their historical setting, a devotion conditioned in this instance by the additional fact that, as far as nearly all those involved were concerned, the living heritage of Bach and Martin Luther, his spiritual father, had been one of the few stabilizing elements in a daily world that seemed otherwise possessed by the devil. The end result, while certainly a technical achievement of the highest order, reflects above all the high sense of human values of its creators, so beautifully expressed in the words of Sophocles's Antigone, which formed the late Dr. Hamel's personal credo throughout the years of Germany's temptation: "My way is to share my love, not share my hate."

Pioneer of Dance



—*Dance Magazine.*

RUDOLF LABAN is dead, but his work and his influence on the development of the dance have already become history. He died July 1 in England, where he lived for more than two decades. Hardly any single person, perhaps except Diaghileff, put the stamp of his genius on the development of this art during the first half of this century as distinctly as Laban.

Seventy-eight years ago he was born in Bratislava, then a small town in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. He carried the lowest title of aristocracy and originally signed his name Rudolf von Laban. In his studies as a young man he was imbued with the Asiatic and Byzantine as well as European culture. His greatness lies in the fact that all his life he never stopped his experiments in movement.

Before World War I he was known for his choreographies. But his genius was mainly felt as a theorist and teacher whose searching mind drove him constantly into fields of exploration. In the beginning Laban was chiefly concerned with plastic rhythm, with motion for its own sake. He was interested in the coordination of mind, nerves, and muscles and tried to find for it the right physical expression. The quality of movement had to have its psychological motivation. In the course of his investigations he also developed his ideas of space patterns and harmonies, which all led to expressionism in the modern dance.

Artistically, his ideas were best fulfilled by his two most outstanding disciples, Kurt Jooss, the founder of the famous Jooss Ballet, and Mary Wigman, the greatest modern dancer Germany brought forth. But, indirectly, Laban has influenced most all modern dancers in two hemispheres.

As long as theatrical dance has existed, choreographers and dancers alike have looked for the idea which would permit them to notate their dances in the same manner as a score can be put down on paper to be read, played, and interpreted by any musician. The first practical system was developed by Laban. The highly intricate movements of a ballet with its simultaneous action of the various parts of the body, of direction in space, of duration in time and all this in relation of one person to another can now quickly be written down, easily read and retranslated into movement. The Labanotation has helped save the choreographers' conceptions from their inherent peril to be forgotten and to perish.

Now, nothing is left any more to memory and chance. The first major test proved successful. When Hanya Holm was unable to be present at the initial rehearsal period in London where she repeated her choreographic success of "Kiss Me, Kate," she sent someone else with the Labanotations of her dances. Not a single step turned out to be different.

Laban was also interested in the movements of the actor, and in his work "Mastery of Movement on the Stage" he dealt with the actor's problems. Since World War II he worked on a new approach to the time-motion concept in industry. He first studied the motions of operators in factories and tried to come behind the nature of their efforts. Then he developed aptitude tests based on his findings on muscular reactions.

Movement and dance were not only a means of artistic expression for him. It was life, a philosophy of life.

The dance world mourns one of its great pioneers. —WALTER SORELL.

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Two Views of the Berlioz "Requiem"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

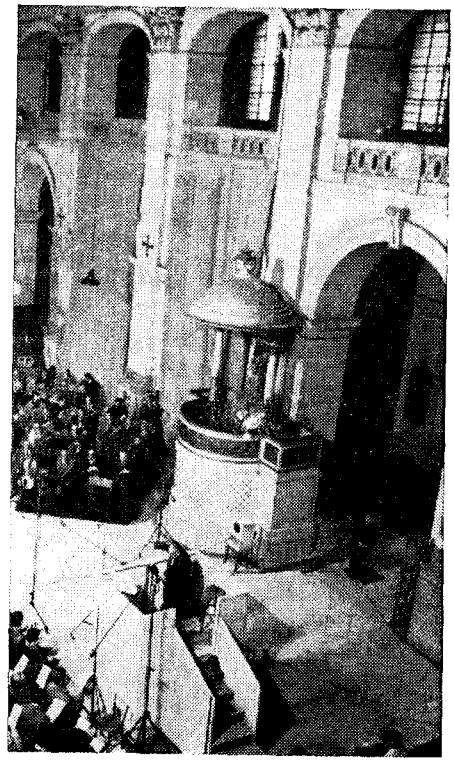
NO ONE who became infatuated with the first recording of the Berlioz Requiem when it was new in 1948—no one, at least, responsive to Berlioz's unique majesty and magic—is likely to find any later recording of this giant masterwork entirely to his liking. When Columbia issued that set of eleven twelve-inch 78s (MM-769), with Jean Fournet conducting the Emile Passani Choir and Orchestra, and with Georges Jouatte as the excelling tenor soloist in the "Sanctus," the degree to which it had captured the Requiem's range of volumes and timbres in the Church of Saint-Eustache, Paris, proclaimed a new sort of miracle. Here, at long-delayed last, one facet of the greater Berlioz was made available. But now, even if that recording be heard as later transferred to LP (Set 159), the sounds come to us from very long ago and far away; the effort of the mind's ear to restore them to their remembered power proves unavailing. And that discovery is hard to accept because Fournet's conception has not been equaled for instant conviction in another recording of the Requiem.

Years later, with LP in full cry, came another Columbia ("Entré") recording of the Grande Messe des Morts (EL-53). In it, the Chorus and Orchestra of the Rochester Oratorio Society, with Theodore Hollenbach conducting and Ray de Voll as tenor soloist, were heard making a brave, admirable try. The thinness of the results in both sound and artistic propriety could be explained and forgiven, but not blinked: they were all too obviously there. A few of the sections—notably the "Offertory" and "Hostias"—were marred by impermissibly slow tempos. Still, it was good to have proof that the eagerness of Jacques Barzun and the Berlioz Society were helping to produce American performances of Berlioz. All confirmed Berliozians gave two mezzo-forte cheers.

Now, embarrassment of riches, two new recordings of the Requiem turn up, one of them issued both monaurally and stereophonically. The Rochester recording still being available (now as Harmony 501), this loads the current catalogues with three versions, any one of which would have come as a priceless gift when none existed eleven years ago.

One of the new Requiems again attests to American performance of the Requiem. In the Vanguard Recording (monaural set, $7.96; stereophonic set VSD 2006/7, $11.90), Fritz Mahler conducts the Hartford Symphony Orchestra and Chorale, the Hartt Schola Cantorum, and David Lloyd, tenor. Mr. Mahler displays no special enabling insights over which to grow enthusiastic or argumentative. The musical results that he produces with his surprisingly brilliant-sounding forces are not so much dull as just intermittently bland. Blandness—to which Mr. Lloyd's singing curiously adds—must be the last quality desirable for Berlioz. Mr. Adler's choices of balance among choirs have been carefully plotted, but plotted in innocence of the imagination that can set performers and listeners aflame. His tempos and accentuations are careful; again and again the latter miss fine sculptural emphases remembered from Fournet's altogether more Gallic, Berliozian, and imaginative reading. To say of so large an enterprise that it fails to come to life puts a real burden on one's conscience, but this performance provides no escape from saying just that. (I listened to the stereophonic version monaurally, and have not heard it stereophonically. But the one obvious truth about stereophonic sound is that even in the best instances it can provide only a more rounded and spread-out version of what is there to give.) Joseph Braunstein's excellent album notes approach closer to the spirit of the Requiem than the performance itself.

The Westminster (Vega) recording of the Requiem (XWN 2227, $9.96), made in the Invalides, where Berlioz conducted its first performance on December 5, 1837, has Hermann Scherchen conducting the Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra, the Chorus of Radiodiffusion Française, and Jean Giraudeau, tenor. (It also has an informative historical-critical note by Jacques Barzun.) The reading is strong, wonderfully responsive to Scherchen's convictions—and often wildly wrongheaded. Easily the first choice among available versions, this one can only increase the true Berliozian's yearning for a Requiem conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (whose recording of the Te Deum approached perfection) or, lacking that *summum bonum,* Charles Munch.



Hermann Scherchen conducting the Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra and the Chorus of Radiodiffusion Française in the Invalides—"wonderfully responsive."

The sheer sound of this Requiem would surely have made Berlioz happy. Something absolutely right took place at the Invalides when Scherchen and the engineers put everything in its place and began the laborious process of recording so complex a composition. Not only in the "Tuba mirum," either—though, of course, the sixteen tympani giving out every tone of a chromatic scale and the four additional brass choirs placed at the four corners of the orchestra are especially tremendous. But hear, too, the snarling accompaniment to the "Lacrymosa," the marvelously glistening male voices dissolving into empty trombone-flute chords in the "Hostias," the flight of Giraudeau's celestial tenor in the "Sanctus." Few recordings of anything can better this one for physical allure and variety.

WITH Scherchen's conception of the meaning of the Requiem, however, and with his success in translating that conception into sound, I find myself in almost total disagreement. His treatment of the music is orchestral, instrumental; he handles the massed singers as more instruments. This treatment dispenses with some clarity of pronunciation and

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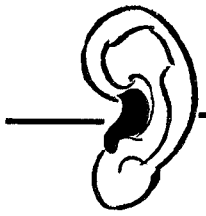

EARMARKS

Ballad of the "Ballad Hunter"

LIKE the indestructible gray goose who figures in one of the songs he flushed, John A. Lomax, born 1867 and died 1948, scraped his way through a lifetime of setbacks, discouragements, adventures, and achievements that would have done for any lesser bird. And all that he had ever wanted to do was to collect a few American folk songs—10,000 of them, as it turned out some seventy years after the date of his birth. How he collected them, and what he experienced during the thirty years of life and 300,000 miles of travel which he could devote to collecting, is told in his book, "Adventures of a Ballad Hunter" (Macmillan, 1947).

By his own account, he belongs in that company of hard-driving, rugged, and unreconstructed Americans whom other Americans like to think of as "typical." A lot is said about them in election years and during recessions, or whenever it seems our welfare might be endangered by anything less than universal stick-to-it-iveness. The rest of the time, these men are forgotten, and they retire, if dead, to pages of biographical dictionaries where they wait their next summons. If alive, they go about their work rather obscurely.

Lomax had companions on some of his travels, but they kept changing. No one could ever quite keep the pace. He wore out companions as tirelessly as frontiersmen are reputed to have depreciated womenfolk. The truth is, though, that if these men like Lomax are "typical," then our country is populated by a hell of a lot of atypical Americans.

Our excuse for daring to refer to Mr. Lomax in an off-election year is that a certain initiative has already been taken in this direction by the Library of Congress, a generally reliable source. Five twelve-inch LP's bearing the title, "The Ballad Hunter —John A. Lomax" (The Library of Congress, Music Division, Recording Laboratory, AAFS L49 through AAFS L53, $4.50 each or $20 the set, "order blanks on request; add additional 10 per cent charge to cover the Federal excise tax and a minimum charge for packing, postage, and insurance") have arrived, by pony express, at our desk.

On hearing them, one is convinced they must have been recorded on the cylinder Ediphone to which Lomax refers in his opening remarks: "The first night I got to Cheyenne, I met my old friend, Boothe Merrill, coming out of a swinging door as I was going into a saloon with my recording machine in one hand, and a big horn in the other." That was Wyoming, 1910, where Lomax first heard "Good-Bye, Old Paint."

From the sleeve notes, we are informed that "a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation provided for the establishment in 1941 of the Radio Research Project in the Library of Congress. Archibald MacLeish, then Librarian of Congress, defined the purpose of the Radio Research Project as a means "to find through experiments and research radio forms by which pertinent parts of the record of American culture maintained in the Library of Congress may be made available to the American people."

When the smoke had cleared, Lomax, then seventy-four, was invited to come into the recording studios to make a series of transcriptions to be sent out to radio stations. This reviewer remembers that they were carried over WQXR, in New York, *circa* 1942. In them, Lomax talked about his adventures as a ballad hunter (from a script that was eventually worked into his book), and the engineers played the field recordings he had taken. Nothing particularly novel in the way of "experiment" or "radio form" emerged, if we except that, in the manner of 1941, Lomax was encouraged to recite the words of many of the songs he had collected, over performances by individuals he had recorded in the field.

Probably the assumption behind this technique was that words of the field recordings would be unintelligible, because (a) the dialects were sometimes as thick as the surface noises which accompanied them, and (b) the field recordings were almost as thick as the dialects which occasionally could be distinguished.

Our reason for mentioning this rather sad fudging of valid and valuable material is the conviction that it need not have happened this way, that Lomax was not a willing partner to the inadequacies of the equipment provided him, and that our calling attention to these things might conceivably prevent future disasters of the same order.

"When in 1908 a check for $500 came from Harvard University for my first year as a Sheldon Fellow," Lomax has written in his book, "I was the happiest person in the world." Throughout "Adventures of a Ballad Hunter," as a recurring theme, we learn of his efforts to obtain backing to continue his work. In 1910: "The year before (Theodore Roosevelt), and Elihu Root, influenced by Professor Barrett Wendell, had asked a grant for me (which was denied) from the Carnegie Institution, in Washington."

For years, Lomax had to go it alone. As late as 1925, he took a job with a bank in order to keep himself and family alive. He wrote of that time: "Not long before, I had spent an entire week in New York City lecturing on folk songs in the public schools at ten dollars per lecture. My sleeping quarters had been a hole in the wall. Now as the representative of the Republic bank of Dallas my daily expense account amounted to more than ten dollars."

While continuing to serve the Republic in this way, Lomax contrived to carry on his work of collecting. Finally, in 1933, he and his son, Alan, "recklessly requested $2,400 to cover our joint expenses for a year of travel in our automobile, including the purchase of records, repairs to our machine, tips to singers and all other necessary outlay for a year on the road."

The Carnegie Corporation then granted John and Alan Lomax $3,000 to continue their work. In the meantime, a representative of the Rockefeller Foundation had sought out John Lomax and offered to underwrite his work for the next five years. The munificence of the two foundations was then resolved in a compromise: the Rockefeller Foundation supplemented the Carnegie grant with an additional $150 for incidental expenses.

"Whatever the outcome of our application for financial aid from the Carnegie Corporation," Lomax wrote, "I was determined to continue the work of collecting folk songs to add to the meager store which then made up the Folksong Archive of the Library of Congress." And he meant it. He added: "Until then I had borne all the expenses of our work."

IN THE field, Lomax experienced countless setbacks because of equipment. He tells, in this Library of Congress series, how he set out to record a convict gang in Arkansas. On the first day, the machine failed. The following day, he took it back to Pine Bluff, waited six hours, then "got back to Camp No. 5 just at sunset . . . once more . . . it broke down com-

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Recordings in Review

Stereo at the Source

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5. Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* London CS 6037, $4.98.

FOR THOSE WHO wish to sample stereo at the source, I can think of no better beginning than this. Whether the intention is to acquire a library of records where none had existed previously, or a collection of stereo to supplement the monaurals of the past, Ansermet and Beethoven comprise a combination which will gratify special interests as well as general ones.

I put it "Ansermet and Beethoven" rather than the other way around, for the knowledge is pretty general nowadays of the musical experience that is Beethoven's "Fifth." The question is: What kind of Beethoven is provided by his interpreter, in this case Ansermet? My immediate answer would be: The best I know of since the overpowering production of Toscanini.

Misinterpreters of this cornerstone concept of the symphonic literature fall into two categories: those who are incapable of making it all that it is, and those who try to make it something it is not. Ansermet, of course, is by long experience much too much a professional to fall into the first category, and this recording shows him much too great an artist to stumble into the second. Rather it shows what happens when a performer of experience and resource becomes completely possessed by the spirit of a work; he becomes the instrument of Beethoven's purpose rather than vice versa.

For those who demand specifics, it may be added that Ansermet has calculated, to a mathematical nicety, the interrelationship of the four movements, built backwards (so to speak) from the ending to a convincing statement of the beginning. The joints are secure, the pieces fit, all is congruent and shapely. Moreover, it is put together not only with logic but with a superb command of the musical rhetoric Beethoven utilized to express his purpose. For a detail, I mention the grace notes which the composer employs in the strings during the latter portion of the scherzo (violins first, then violas). Most times they sound discordant, unpurposeful, and miscalculated. Ansermet makes cleanly apparent the *thrrp, thrrp* they impart to the notes they *grace,* underscoring the ominous atmosphere Beethoven is striving to convey.

As a sample of stereo technique, this work is especially revealing, because the Beethoven No. 5 is not, in the common sense, "orchestrated," that is to say, possessed of orchestral elements disassociated from musical significance. Thus, what the techniques enhance—and mightily—are not surface, but substance. We are conscious throughout of the orchestra as a combination of entities, rather than merely a mass of sound in itself, and never more so than in the still marvelous transition from movement three to four, where timpani and strings (at the left) build to a climax dominated by the brass in the middle. Most monaural versions add a second work to the playing time of the Fifth, but London has wisely given itself all the latitude necessary—though the second side plays only fourteen minutes—to make its effort a convincing one. Cheap at the price, in my view.

Shostakovitch No. 11

SHOSTAKOVITCH: *Symphony No. 11. Leopold Stokowski conducting the Houston Symphony Orchestra.* Capitol 8448, $4.98.

WHATEVER ONE'S view of Shostakovitch as a composer—that he is eloquent, trite, vigorous, bumptious, inspired, blatant, journalistic—there is something to support it in this first recording of his latest symphony to reach America. Those who heard a broadcast last spring of Stokowski's introductory performance in Houston had a fair foreshadowing of what this symphony was all about, and the recording confirms the view that if it is not all things to all men, it is as close as a composer can come to achieving that feat.

For his countrymen, it is testament to his concern with the October revolution of 1905 (the four movements bear the titles "The Palace Square," "January 9," "Eternal Memory," and "Alarm"); to fellow practitioners, an imposing evidence of his ability to make the orchestra cry or exult, mourn or rejoice; to music lovers generally, an exercise in alternating slow and fast movements (adagio, allegro, adagio, allegro non troppo). To this critical taste, it is absorbing in its minutes of brooding and lamentation; disaffecting, even downright repellent in its outbursts of brass and percussion, which are meant to convey the clashes of strikers and palace guards but lack either the musical materials or the sheer momentum to suggest anything but organized noise.

What is most disturbing of all, perhaps, is the lack of any musical progression—in idiom or vocabulary, scope or resource—beyond the Seventh ("Leningrad") Symphony which this almost matches in length (seventy minutes plus) but not in substance. (I omit subtlety from the list of absent qualities for the plain reason that it is not coin in his realm.) Nor is it particularly related to the kind of social end the work is meant to serve: the blatant resort to noise strikes me as anti-musical in essence, whether contrived for one self-serving purpose or another. It is, in short, Shostakovitch's musical judgment to which I take exception, not his political motivations.

Stokowski and his able orchestra project a convincing image of Shostakovitch's creation, insofar as one can estimate such results without a score for guidance. It is, certainly, one of the best recordings to Capitol's credit, with massive bass and flamboyant brass volleying and thundering to the right and left of the stereositter (pronounced stereOsitter). Four sides are, of course, excessive for an hour and fifteen minutes' music, but compression onto three sides would have required a break midway in one of the movements, no sequence being short enough for combination on a single side.

Twentieth Century Classics

SCHOENBERG: *"Verklaerte Nacht,"* VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *"Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis." Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the strings of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia MS (stereo) 6007, $4.98.

BOTH SCHOENBERG and Vaughan Williams digressed from the idioms of these favorite works as their careers progressed, but Mitropoulos is sufficiently master of their total creations to convey an essential expression in each case. That is to say, where some might stress the "mystery" in Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia," Mitropoulos knows him also as the strong voice of the F minor Symphony, and accords him some of that underlying strength here: likewise, in the Schoenberg, where obvious romanticism might be overdone, Mitropo-

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lous tempers it with some of the restraints in Schoenberg's basic nature.

It might be a tenuous distinction to make, and an invitation to confusion to say, that something not actually in the given score should be added or subtracted according to one's knowledge of other works by the same man. But it is also a fact that every great composer used the language differently. Thus, the more general one's information about a given literature, the more one has to draw upon in a specific instance. In these instances, the kind of concentrated, less-than-lush sound Mitropolous prefers is a real contribution to the strong appeal of each performance.

Unquestionably the stereo technique adds something to the definition and proportion of the total sound (uncommonly clean as realized in Columbia's Thirtieth Street studio), especially in the Vaughan Williams. This is due not so much to the localization of the three string groups, but rather to the perspective in sound which provides a wider spread, a dimensional relationship not possible under previous conditions.

Beethoven for Three

BEETHOVEN: *Trio in E flat, Op. 3. Jascha Heifetz, violin, William Primrose, viola, and Gregor, Piatigorsky, cello.* RCA Victor 2180, $4.98.

WHETHER AS A retrospect on the kind of music Mozart wrote in his great E flat Divertimento (for the same three strings) or a foreshadowing of his own quartets to come, this work of Beethoven is sheer musical joy. The obedience to custom is most pronounced in the slow movements and minuets (two of each), the intimation of things to come most striking in the allegros. (Incidentally, such mundane matters as tempo designations must be gathered from the record labels, for Charles O'Connell's rhapsodic commentary does not bother with such trivia, or for that matter, with anything relevant to this specific trio at all.)

Although most matters of execution may be taken for granted with players as celebrated as these, it is precisely in such areas that the performance commands the greatest interest. Taste and subtlety, balance and coordination are of the highest quality, but there is also a liveness and pulse which may sometimes be absent when professionals of these skills gather around a microphone.

Indeed, there may be those who will argue with the fervor and impulse which Heifetz imparts to some aspects of his effort, especially in the second slow movement (perhaps he is working up to an effort with Beethoven's "Russian" quartets). A more modest shading of tone, a less profligate hand with tonal gold would better suit the youthful composer's requirements. What Heifetz provides elsewhere in fluency and finesse is of its own unique quality. Nevertheless, the best chamber music manners belong to Primrose, who is always audible but never obtrusive. The pickup is rather close, somewhat gritty for instrumentalists of this quality, and not as resonant as I would prefer.

Russian Songs and Singers

SHOSTAKOVITCH: *"From Jewish Folk Poetry" (Op. 79). Nina Dorylak, soprano, Zara Dolukhanova, contralto, Alexei Masslenikov, tenor, and the composer at the piano.* KABALEVSKY: *Three Shakespeare sonnets. Mark Reizen, bass, with the composer.*

MOUSSOGORSKY: *"The Nursery." Nina Dorlyak, soprano, with Sviatoslav Richter, piano.* Monitor MC 2020, $4.98.

IF THE EAR IS magnetized to the Shostakovitch songs utilizing (in a pattern of solos, duets, and trios) the voice of Zara Dolukhanova, the reasons are excellent: she recently made a much admired first appearance in London, and she is among the performers scheduled for "exchange" appearances in the United States during the coming season. Her opportunities in the sequence are limited to a single solo ("Lullaby") and five ensembles, but it is clear this is a real contralto voice (such as we have not recently heard from some singers so misnamed) with an even spacious quality through its range and unusual richness at the bottom.

Shostakovitch's settings of the eight old Jewish folk texts and three of more recent origin are all eloquence and musicality, a reminder that a real judgment of this many-sided personality will not be possible until all the evidence is in hand, and we know the obscure works of late years as well as those which are produced with fanfare and publicity. The additional interpreters, if not so generously gifted as Mme. Dolukhanova, are both excellent musicians, though the Masslenikov voice suffers from the whiteness of timbre favored in Russian training of tenors.

Kabalevsky's Shakespearean sonnets (Nos. XVIII, XXVII, and XXX, beginning, respectively, "O, that you were yourself!," "Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed," and "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought," are comparable in quality to Shostakovitch's writing. Because of the Russian texts and the weight of Reizen's voice, they have more Slavic than Shakespearean suggestion, but they are beautiful songs very well sung, with a real sense of melodic line expertly sustained. (Rachmaninoff would have been proud to put his name to them.)

Dolukhanova—"a real contralto."

All the piano parts are admirably played, though it need hardly be surprising that Moussogorsky's writing profits more from the range and variety of Richter's tonal gamut than either composer does from his own. As it happens, soprano Dorlyak is his wife, and they collaborate very well together, in perhaps the most idiomatic performance these songs have had, phonographically (allowing for vocal limitations in the fairly recent one of Maria Kurenko for Capitol). Some of them are slower than we are accustomed to hearing them sung, but the total effect is not diminished thereby. The quality of reproduction is no longer a deterrent to enjoyment of this kind of Russian artistry. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Shostakovitch—"many-sided personality."

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6. Igor Markevitch conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra. Decca DL-9976, $3.98.	A rather literal interpretation of this score, which does not penetrate to much of its poetry or convey the kind of imagery the music contains. As the reproduction of the orchestral playing renders it as rather shallow and unresonant (whatever it may have been in actuality) the appeal of the whole is limited.
Dello Joio: "Variations, Chaconne and Finale." Vincent: Symphony in D. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5263, $3.98.	Ormandy applies all of his, and the orchestra's, skills to these works, with somewhat less results than the effort merits. Both share a common characteristic in beginning well, but failing to attain sustained interest or cumulative effect. Dello Joio's work of 1947 is the more professional, with some really beautiful writing on a theme borrowed from Gregorian chant. Its progress, however, tends to be more in terms of effect than meaning. Vincent's one movement symphony is founded on attractive materials, but the treatment of them lacks resource.
Enesco: "Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1." Smetana: "Moldau," "Bartered Bride" excerpts. Weinberger: "Polka and Fugue." Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Westminster XWN 18690, $3.98.	This choice of repertory sets up its own criteria if it is to compete with existing parallels: outstanding sound, fine execution, sympathetic interpretation. The performances accord with these needs primarily in the execution: the sound is lacking in lustre and richness, and Scherchen's interpretations, if invariably interesting, tend to be slow, overstressed and de-gayed, so to speak. However he achieves a really frisky result in the "Bartered Bride" dances ("Furiant" and "Comedians").
Gervaise: "Branle de Champagne," "Branle courant," etc. Adrian le Roy: "Las je n'eusse jamais pensé," etc. Pro Musica Antiqua of Brussels, Safford Cape, director. Period SPL 738, $4.98.	The twenty-six items of this disc are both instrumental and vocal, performed with the discrimination and musical taste associated with Cape. The material is full of melodic distinction, plus a harmonic resource unexpected according to our usual concept of sixteenth century music. Bernard Lebow's commentary is both informed and informative, though a sheaf of texts would have aided understanding of the archaic language. The antique instruments have a tendency to shrillness more in them than in the reproduction.
Hindemith: Concerto (1947). Louis Cahuzac, clarinet, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by the composer. "Nobilissima Visione." The same. Angel 35490, $4.98.	The effect of this work commissioned by Benny Goodman is to recall the remark that the Brahms concerto was not for violin, but against it: save that here the impression persists of a concerto without clarinet rather than with it. A solo voice is audible from time to time, but there are long stretches in which Hindemith seems more concerned with purely orchestral texture. It also tends to overweight the capacities of any reed instrument's volume, even when handled by such a master as Cahuzac. Both scores show Hindemith to be an eloquent spokesman for his ideas, the excellent orchestra so many willing servants. Fine sound.
Hindemith: Symphony in B flat, Schoenberg: Theme and Variations (opus 43a), Stravinsky: Symphonies for Winds. Frederick Fennell conducting the Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble. Mercury MG 50145, $4.98.	Fennell's serious purpose in the development of his unusual ensemble is attested anew in these carefully prepared, thoroughly persuasive performances. The distinctive quality of each composer's idiom (Schoenberg's work of 1943 is relatively conventional in style, but much beyond the school band usage for which it was intended) is aptly realized. I find the Stravinsky of 1920 (memorial pieces for Debussy) least agreeable in sound, but the level of effort throughout is impressively high. Excellent reproduction.
Mozart: Symphonies No. 25 (G minor), 26 (E flat), 27 (G), and 28 (C). Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Westminster XWN 18675, $3.98.	Historic justice would have been better served if the points made in the annotation (by the undersigned) had been followed in the presentation itself: namely, that the G minor was a composition of later in 1773 than the E flat and G major, and that its admired "maturity" actually derives from a new concept of the symphony Mozart had acquired during a visit to Vienna in the intervening months. Thus the sequence of "youthful" works would end with 25 and 26. The further fact is that Leinsdorf makes such a distinction in his performances, the energy and concentration of them being notable. I prefer a liver, more resonant string sound.
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2106, $4.98.	Rachmaninoff and Boult are not a really compatible pair, at least not in this work. The excellent reproduction is the most successful aspect of the undertaking, the conception, for all its orderly presentation, deficient in the impulse and warmth which are Rachmaninoff's strongest traits. In any case, the performances of Ormandy and Sanderling serve all reasonable needs better.
Rakov: Symphony No. 1 (E minor). Nikolai Rakov conducting the Moscow State Philharmonic. Westminster XWN 18703, $3.98.	A first exposure to this brooding, melodic work suggests that its likenesses to Rachmaninoff might be due to a common background, though Rakov was not born until 1908, by which time the Rachmaninoff style was not only formed but widely disseminated. Whatever the likenesses in sequential writing, imitative polyphony, outbursts of power sinking back to reverie, Rakov's expressive impulse is a personal one, his projection of it compelling. The performance is good, the reproduction better than the Soviet average.
Ravel: "Bolero." Liszt: "Mephisto Waltz." H. Scherchen conducting. Westminster LAB 7059, $7.50.	Scherchen makes a variety of expert points in his "Bolero," which doesn't vary a twitch from beginning to end. The orchestra of the Vienna State Opera is not the virtuoso group which would serve him best in this demonstration of scoresmanship, but it follows his blueprint devotedly. The Liszt is less unusual, but not less a credit to the man in charge. Much of the recording is skilfully done, but the overmiked percussion is also overprominent.
Stravinsky: "L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Chant de Rossignol." Lorin Maazel conducting the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 9978, $3.98.	These admirably paced, carefully detailed performances are much more to Maazel's credit than an earlier effort (*SR*), distinctly more suggestive that his developing repute as a conductor is solidly founded. He evokes a really poetic mood in the "Firebird," a good deal of narrative force in the "Song of the Nightingale." In both the playing is uncommonly solid, the reproduction massive and well-defined, suggesting a stereo original in the offing.
Strauss: "Wine, Women, and Song," "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," etc. Men's Choral Society of Vienna and Vienna Symphony conducted by Karl Etti and Eduard Strauss. Epic LC 3469, $3.98.	The distinctions in these performances of the thrice familiar literature relate to the participation of the vocal chorus, as conceived by Strauss originally. However there are many niceties of execution (to which we are accustomed in the work of the Vienna Philharmonic and other fine orchestras) which are absent here. Such finesse is more apparent in the instrumental versions of "Entweder Oder," "Bei uns z'Haus," and Josef Strauss's "Dithyrambe" and "Auf Ferienreisen" aptly conducted by E. Strauss. Pleasant sound throughout.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Prelude and Fugue in D ("Great"), Prelude and Fugue in C minor ("Arnstadt"), Prelude and Fugue in E flat ("St. Anne"). E. Power Biggs, organ. Columbia KL 5262, $5.98.	Of the various organs in which Biggs has "brought Bach alive" from Europe, this one at Zwolle (Holland) is among the best; clean and pure in its well-placed tonal divisions, well framed in its acoustical surroundings. The superb works are a little misserved by the inordinately high pitch of the instrument, but what it has to offer—through the original designs of the great Arp Schnitger (1720)—is unique in its own. Bigg's enthusiam is a contribution to quality as is the acute reproduction.
Bach: Chorale-Preludes: "Christ, der du bist der helle Tag," "O Gott, du frommer Gott," "Sei gegrüsset, Jesu gütig." Robert Noehren. Urania UR 8012, $3.98.	A more than suitable footnote to the preceding, this organ is Cleveland's contribution to the Schnitger tradition, thanks to a construction in the Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church under the supervision of Rudolf von Beckerath of Hamburg. The beautifully outspoken character of the instrument is well utilized by Noehren in a group of works which profits particularly from the interplay of color through the variations. His imagination and taste are aptly utilized by the Cleveland Recording Company (Kenneth R. Hamann, engineer) and supervisor Herman Adler to a superior total sound.
Beethoven: Octet (Op. 103), Sextet (Op. 71), and Rondino (Op. post.). Jerome Ross and Ronald Roseman, oboes, Arthur Weisberg and Loren Glickman, bassoons, John Barrows and James Buffington, horns, David Glazer and Harold Freeman, clarinets, with Sam Baron conducting. Counterpoint CPST 559, $4.98.	Beethoven's kinship to Mozart is, perhaps, most perceptible in such works as these which are, of course, much earlier than the opus numbers suggest. Whatever the combination of instruments, the sonorous pattern is rich, the texture even, the feeling for color and contour unfailing. The performances leave little doubt that these chosen players are the equal of the specialized colleagues in London or Paris, Berlin or Vienna, with honors to Baron for efficiency without affectation. This is another of Counterpoint's "compatible" stereo discs and it works both ways, though with clear superiority in dual channel.
Boccherini: Quintets in D minor (Op. 25, No. 1) and S (Op. 25, No. 3), Largo Cantabile (Op. 29, No. 6) and Andante con moto (Op. 42). Quintetto Boccherini. Angel 45010, $3.98.	Whether in actuality or illusion, this disc strikes me as the best I have yet heard in the series: the material is full of gratifying surprises (in the composer's own manner), the performances both adept and alive. Guido Mazzato is a superior leader, whether regarded as executive or executant. The two additional slow movements are a welcome bonus. Fine sound.
Brahms: Sonatas in G, A and D minor. Eudice Shapiro, violin, and Ralph Berkowitz, piano. Vanguard VRS 1009, $4.98.	By compressing something more than sixty-four minutes of music on the two sides, Vanguard manages the not inconsiderable feat of providing all three sonatas on a single LP. Whether this is all to the good or not is another matter, for the attractive qualities of Miss Shapiro's art are dimmed by a rather narrow range of dynamic values (which may, in some measure, be related to the compression noted above). Berkowitz performs in the superior style of his previous collaborations with Gregor Piatigorsky as well as Miss Shapiro.
Dussek: Sonatas in F sharp minor and sonatina in F major. Heide Hermanns, piano. Sonata in B flat, Ruth Stoneridge. Sonata in C, Hermanns and Stoneridge. SFM 1002, $4.98.	A composer greatly revered in his lifetime (1761-1812), Dussek seems like Spohr in having greater significance for his contemporaries than his inheritors. Much of his harmonic "originality" has long since been absorbed into the musical blood stream by men of greater melodic distinction. The best work (in F sharp minor) is also the best played (by Hermanns). The ones in which Miss Stoneridge takes part are a pleasant babble, unrelieved by arresting interpretative impulse.
Franck: Sonata. Debussy: Sonata. Ravel: "Pièce en Forme de Habanera." Fauré: "Berceuse." David Nadien, violin, with David Hancock, piano. Monitor MC 2017, $4.98.	In addition to providing Nadien with strong support at the piano, Hancock makes his mark in recording history as the first performer known to me to be identified as recording "engineer" of the session. Doubtless the guild of authorized craftsmen could cite innumerable anonymous "helpers" of the sort in times past, but Nadien's self-assumed responsibility is also successfully accomplished. The playing throughout is well-knit and vital, if a little strenuous in the Franck, Even in these sympathetic hands, the Debussy remains unconvincing.
Haydn: Sontas Nos. 34 (E minor), 43 (A flat), and 52 (E flat). Nadia Reisenberg, piano. Westminster XWN 18358, $3.98.	Miss Reisenberg's ever more articulate command of the keyboard is as much a factor in the appeal of these works as the content itself. For without her ability to differentiate the dynamic patterns the structural intent would be less apparent. The melodic design also profits from her warmly variable sense of phraseology. More of the Haydn personality is apparent in the slow movements, the others being mostly conventional and unadventurous. Good piano sound.
Mendelssohn: Quartet in E flat. Glinka: Quartet in F. Westwood Quartet SFM 1001, $3.98.	SFM is an abbrevation for the Society for Forgotten Music, which might, in this instance, better signify the Society for Forgotten Musicians. For it is the whistle-clean, razorsharp performance of Louis Kaufman, leader, Joseph Stepansky, second violin, Louis Kievman, viola, and George Neikrug, cello, which gives the record its real values, rather than the works themselves. Mendelssohn at thirteen was not quite the man he soon became, Glinka at twenty-one still much beholden to the example of Mozart and Beethoven. Vernon Duke is the sound ear credited with supervision of the recorded sound.
Rosenberg: Quartet No. 5, Parrenin Quartet. Quartet No. 6, Kyndel Quartet. Westminster XWN 18704, $3.98.	As has been evident in orchestral works previously issued (though, unfortunately, not now available) Rosenberg is a substantial figure in European music as well as an outstanding name in Scandinavia. These works of 1949-1953 have a strong surge of musical impulse throughout, a value more precious than any amount of cogitation. Both works are beautifully written for quartet, presenting admirable variety with a good deal of individuality. The Swedish "Discofil" recording is excellent.
Scarlatti: Sonatas Nos. 11 (Longo) in D, 45 in A, 240 in A, 248 in B flat, 312 in G minor, 319 in B flat, 328 in F, etc. Fernando Valenti, harpsichord, Westminster XWN 18705, $3.98.	Most of these works (making up volume nineteen of the Westminster survey) will be terra incognito for the average listener but, thanks to Valenti's penetration, terra firma as well. This group tends to be more sombre in tone, more reflective in spirit than those works for which Scarlatti is well, if not best known. By any standard an excellent artistic achievement.
Verdi: "Ah, fors e lui," "Addio del passato," ("La Traviata"), "Caro nome," Meyerbeer: "Ombra leggiera," ("Dinorah"), Gounod: "Valse" (Romeo"), Proch: "Air and Variations, Bizet: "Comme autrefois," ("Pêcheurs de Perles"), Benedict: "La Capinera," etc. Amelita Galli-Curci, soprano. Camden CAL 410, $1.98.	To describe this collection as priceless is not to deal with the market value of the contents but rather with the talent, cultivation and artistry represented therein. Miss Galli-Curci's "Addio del passata" was nothing in the realm of Muzio, but of its kind it was supremely well done. Certainly there has been no soprano *leggiero* since her prime with this kind of ease, fluency, and beautifully sustained legato in addition to agility. Nor can one find fault with her taste or musicianship save in an ornate curlycue in "Home Sweet Home." Also included are "My Old Kentucky Home," "Lo Here the Gentle Lark," and "The Last Rose of Summer." A good deal of scratch has been supressed in a restoration quite remarkable for recordings dating to 1917. —I.K.

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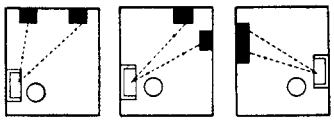

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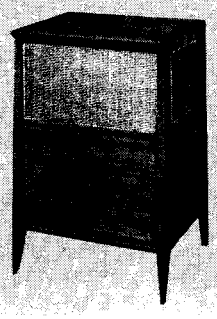

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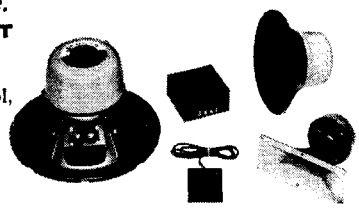

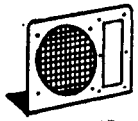

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Tapes in Review

Transparent "Nightingale"

STRAVINSKY: *"Song of the Nightingale." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor Stereo-orthophonic tape CCS-97. $10.95.

PARTISANS LOYAL to "early Stravinsky" and those who champion "later Stravinsky" ought to find a congenial area of agreement in this symphonic poem for orchestra, in which the brilliant palette of his first period is applied with the percipient brushwork that has become his personal signature. Both are superlatively well set off by a recording of that transparency and spaciousness which rewards the efforts of RCA engineers in Chicago's Symphony Hall.

The clean accurate tonal coloring and clear separation of instrumental voices add up to another prime example of stereo's superior fidelity over monaural reproduction, while the complete lack of distortion, surface noise and other aural irritants testifies to the unsurpassed virtues of tape.

Reiner's treatment, more explicit than evocative, gives a detailed account of the lucid instrumental writing, although it never quite achieves the sheen of fantasy implicit in Stravinsky's harmonies. For this one must still turn to Ansermet's reading, no less cerebral but more imaginative, for London disc (LL 1494). RCA's release on vinyl (LM 2150) is coupled with Prokofieff's "Lt. Kije" Suite, also conducted by Reiner.

Bartok Premiere

BARTOK: *Second String Quartet, op. 17. Kohon String Quartet.* Stereo Age C-1. $12.50.

THE FIRST OF Bartok's quartets to be recorded on tape makes its stereo debut jointly with the Kohon String Quartet in this release by a new company, and the combination adds up to an auspicious send-off for all. Stereo Age has come up with the most practical packaging yet, a "sleeve" encased in a dustproof outer jacket, discreetly bound to avoid the heterogeneous (and slightly raffish) look of present tape shelves. As here demonstrated, the quality of its recording is solid, well balanced, and without exaggeration.

If the Second Quartet has not the biting power of Bartok's later writing, the promise of this is clearly patent, while its warm folk coloring and the Hungarian spice of its center movement are disarming enough to make it a fine introductory choice.

The Kohon ensemble, composed of Harold Kohon and Raymond Kunicki, violins, Godfrey Layefsky, viola, and Lorin Bernsohn, cello, gives it a thoughtful, well-coordinated performance. Their somewhat cautious approach might be enlivened by greater spontaneity, but their intonation is sure and their tone fine-grained. Both qualities undergo a searching test on stereo, which opens up the full, exotic spectrum of Bartok's harmonic and instrumental colors to a degree not previously possible outside of live performance.

As here presented, the lyrical portions come off best; the middle movement could use some of the tension generated by the Juilliard ensemble's headlong approach (Columbia ML 4278), as well as the Vegh Quartet's more faithful observance of dotted rhythms and decisive first beats (Angel 35240).

Warm-Blooded "Widow"

LEHAR: *"The Merry Widow" excerpts. Hans Hagen conducting the Vienna State Opera Chorus and Orchestra (Volksoper), with singers Friedl Loor, Karl Terkal, Mimi Engela-Coertse.* Omegatape stereophonic ST-3011. $14.95.

WHAT WITH THE uncertain tenure of today's governments it is heartening to learn that the light opera kingdom of Pontevedrinia is still carrying on affairs (not only of state) as giddily as ever in its Paris embassy. In proof of which comes Omegatape's album of songs from "The Merry Widow," setting forth Lehar's melodies with Viennese warmth in a sympathetic treatment by Hans Hagen.

This appears to be the first recording in several years to emanate from the city where the indestructible "Widow" made her debut in 1907. Since then many changes have taken place on both sides of the footlight boundary which separates the workaday world from the vernal realm of operetta, but however dated the script may have become, the passage of half a century has wreaked little havoc upon the music.

"Vilia," as sung in the floating soprano of Friedl Loor, exercises its durable magic, as does the title waltz in which Terkal is jointly heard. The lyrics of these, as those of "Maxim's," the men's tuneful discourse on women, and the can-can of the grisettes are in German, and although the musical arrangement makes for some repetition and anticlimax, what continuity obtains is strengthened by Hagen's firm control over his excellent Volksoper forces.

Sound is satisfactory, but greater resonance and vitality might more convincingly have stressed stereo's merits as against Angel's monaural discing with Schwartzkopf and Gedda (3501 B/L), or Columbia's with Kirsten and Rounseville (CL-838).

Beethoven from Graz

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 2. "Egmont" Overture. Miltiades Caridis conducting the Graz Philharmonic Orchestra.* Livingston stereophonic tape 4003 K. $17.95.

AMONG BEETHOVEN'S symphonies the Second has enjoyed relatively few recordings and, I believe, none on stereo until now. For its present release Livingston therefore rates double praise, first for meeting this need, and secondly for using its facilities in the service of a significant, if preliminary, Beethoven work as against a hundred flashier pieces better geared to stereophonic display.

It would be nice if to all this one could add that both recording and performance were outstanding, but whereas Caridis presents a well-intentioned, orderly reading, the effect is rather too meticulous. My own feeling is that he could do better with a more responsive orchestra, the Graz ensemble seeming a bit sluggish and thick-textured.

He begins the "Egmont" with a deliberate gravity that portends large heroic gestures further on, and these he fulfils with enough success to suggest that his executive powers, given better musical forces, are not unequal to his basically sound musical conception. Recording sound in the overture is a trifle uneven, the tape as a whole not quite up to Livingston's usual fine standard.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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Earmarks

Continued from page 37

pletely." On the third day, he returned again to the camp, in the middle of the afternoon. He was rewarded with "Rock Island Line" and a new version of "John Henry."

Of his experiences at Parchman, Mississippi, Lomax reported: "Our machine was not handling the aluminum disks without considerable scratching and sputtering, but we had captured the tunes accurately enough to be transcribed, and we both knew that we were again finding vital material." That was on a day when he and Alan heard "Stewball" for the first time.

In Columbia, South Carolina, in the late 1930s, Lomax was still struggling with meters and microphones not big enough for the job: "Nowhere in my experience had I found so powerful a voice as D. W. White's. He led twelve songs at its tip-top. I returned to the far corner of the room with my microphone, yet still the needle slammed crazily about. Nor were matters helped much when I turned the face of the microphone away from him. Naturally the choir followed him and sang out too loud for my small microphone."

The theory might be advanced that at the time of Lomax's greatest recording activities, the 1930s and 1940s, equipment had not yet been manufactured which produced satisfactory results in the field. Yet both the Victor and Columbia record companies, beginning as early as 1925, had been able to issue clear recordings taken with portable apparatus at key points in the South.

Had Lomax been made fleet; had he been able to purchase and maintain good equipment and plenty of it, we should have had an archive of recordings that would have enabled his backers, pitifully few as they were, to bask in the reflected lustre of a good job well done. As it is, Congress never did much, nor is it doing much now, to back the efforts of Lomax. Adequate appropriations were never made to complete the work of cataloguing the archive. The invaluable Check List of Archive songs, first issued in 1942 and complete to that date, has been allowed to go out of print. To fill this gap, and to restore some of the superb material to "availability," the Carnegie Corporation of New York not long ago granted the Music Division $25,000 to set the collection in order, and to issue, from time to time, some of the field recordings taken by Lomax.

—Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Gounod: Ballet music from "Faust." Armando Aliberti conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster SWB 7058. $6.95.	Aside from their climaxing measures, the ballet sequences Gounod contrived for "Faust" see remarkably sedate to depict the bacchanalia on the Brocken. Even so, Aliberti and the orchestra breeze through them with a good show of conviction. The ensemble texture is clear, the music purveyed with regard for its persistently lyric pulse. If the total effect is rather lightweight, the reason lies as much in the score as elsewhere. Well balanced sound.
Debussy: "Clair de Lune." Liszt: "Liebestraum No. 3," etc. Raymond Lewenthal, piano. Westminster SWB 7053. $6.95.	Sensitivity, pearly tone and scrupulous fingerwork are among the virtues Lewenthal brings to his playing of these five reflective pieces. Subtle dynamics in the Debussy and ardent sweep in the Liszt suggest a feeling for style extendable beyond the romantic context of this album. Other pieces are Saint-Saëns's "The Swan" (Godowsky arrangement), Lewenthal's own apt piano arrangement of Rachmaninoff's song, "How Fair this Spot," and Brahms's A-Flat Waltz, all affectionately set forth in luminous detail on a well-processed tape.
Goldman: "Bugles and Drums," "Illinois March," etc. Frederick Fennell conducting the Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble. Mercury MWS5-29. $6.95.	More marching tunes from the excellent Eastman wind players, this time honoring the late Edwin Franko Goldman with six of his better known band pieces. The players show their versatility by singing the words of "Interlochen Bowl," and the virtuosity of their low brasses in the demanding "Onward-Upward March." Goldman's dedication to young people shines through the delightful "Children's March," built upon nursery tunes, and the official march of the Boy Scouts of America, here given its first recording. Fennell's conducting retains all the rhythmic sparkle and the sound is first rate.
Handel: "Messiah" excerpts, Vol. II. Thompson Stone conducting the Zimbler Sinfonietta and Chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, with Adele Addison, soprano, Donald Gramm, bass. Boston (Livingston) BO-10F. $11.95.	This release is as completely praiseworthy as its predecessor, reviewed here last November. Only bass and soprano arias are represented this time, but these include the magnificent "Why do the nations?" and "The trumpet shall sound," superbly sung by Gramm. Miss Addison's lovely tones soar sheerly through her own solo measures, and the chorus's dramatic role is relieved by a pastoral interlude for orchestra. The excerpts of both volumes are also available on Unicorn disc 1043 (the complete performance on three discs, UNS-1), but the fullness and radiance of their stereo projection makes one wish that Livingston would release the entire work on tape.
Porter: "Begin the Beguine." Gershwin: "Embraceable You," etc. Dick Leibert, organ. Westminster SWB 7070. $6.95.	Five Broadway musicals spanning a quarter century contribute the five viable tunes that give this album its title of "Leibert Takes Broadway." Performing on the four-manual, 17-rank Wurlitzer organ in the Byrd Theatre in Richmond (Va.), Leibert outfits each song with a different wardrobe of instrumental effects, from marimba to French trumpet, and with unflaggingly sonorous results. Other melodies so nattily accoutered are "If I Loved You," "Spring is Here" and "I Could Have Danced All Night."
Rodgers and Hammerstein: Selections from "South Pacific." Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians. Capitol ZC-56. $11.95.	Prominently on the credit side of this presentation is the brilliant recording sound. The melodie of "South Pacific," however, are so inseparable from their original stylings as to preserve a classic status unique among musicals. In the present twelve selections Waring's sentimentalized treatment presents them as conventionally pretty tunes, robbed of their poignant and picaresque qualities and unconvincingly projected. As on the disc (Capitol T-992), the Pennsylvanians' performance is honey-smooth, but the essential ingredients have been left out.
Rodgers and Hammerstein: Selections from "South Pacific." New World Theatre Orchestra and the Hollywood Sound Stage Chorus. Bel Canto STB/36. $9.95.	This presentation of six excerpts from the same musical is not altogether satisfactory either, although the resourceful orchestration retains much of the original flavor. Especially nice atmosphere envelops "Bali H'ai," here sensitively sung by an un-named soprano, but "Wonderful Guy" misses fire, as does "Younger than Springtime," which is crooned rather than sung. All the lyrics come across clearly, thanks to good microphoning and good enunciation, particularly in the case of the well-functioning male chorus ("There's Nothing Like a Dame"), but the conductor (for whom no credit is given either) adulterates the love songs with a too-slow tempo.
Saint-Saëns: "The Swan." Ponchielli: "Dance of the Hours." Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster SWB 7051. $6.95.	Scherchen's feeling for musical contrasts should be happily served by these disparate items, although the melting measures of "The Swan" might better have prefaced the Ponchielli excerpt to make for a more robust conclusion. However, neither piece presents any problem to Scherchen or the orchestra and the outcome is agreeably unpretentious. The ensemble tone is sweet and full, the music detailed with the same conviction that Scherchen brings to weightier fare. Good sound.
Smetana: "The Moldau." Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster SWB 7063. $6.95.	For all of the orchestra's smooth navigating, the River Moldau here runs a slightly muddy course. Little of Scherchen's customary flair enlivens its progress and the music in turn sounds rather dispirited. The musical currents, too, are not well differentiated by a recording that lacks depth and definition. Stereo here seems to offer little inducement as against the disc (Westminster 18690) which also includes the composer's "Bartered Bride" dances and short pieces by Enesco and Weinberger.
Strauss: "Die Fledermaus" Waltz ("Du und Du"). Rosas: "Over the Waves." Armando Aliberti conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster SWB 7059. $6.95.	The vitality of the Strauss waltz comes across well in Aliberti's forthright treatment of music that imposes no strain on the accomplished Viennese players. One could wish for a less inflexible beat and more imaginative handling of dynamics, but enough of the music's lilt remains to suggest its charm. This can hardly be said of the Rosas waltz, which is unfeelingly contoured and mechanically paced. Satisfactory recording.
Tchaikovsky: "Capriccio Italien." Gustav Cerny conducting the Graz Philharmonic. Livingston 2016-C. $6.95.	A worthy enough performance, if one scarcely needed to swell the baker's dozen of recordings already given this work. In overall effect Cerny's statement is satisfactorily vigorous, although there is occasionally somewhat more caprice in the performance than the title justifies. Th seems less a matter of conception than of execution, the ensemble's efforts sounding a trifle laboreu at times. Recording level is rather low but the sound is quite good.
"Viva!" The Music of Mexico. Percy Faith and His Orchestra. Columbia GCB 15. $10.95.	The peppery rhythms of Mexican popular songs contrast agreeably with tuneful serenades in this well balanced assortment of seven pieces. Arrangements are vivid and occasionally droll, as in "La Cucaracha," "Chiapanecas," suitably sentimental in "La Paloma" and "Be Mine Tonight." The orchestra plays persuasively and the well-processed tape lends airiness and depth. The same pieces are also on Columbia's monaural disc CL 1075, at less cost. —M. N.

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Weinstock

Continued from page 36

enunciation; what is worse, it fails to relate balances and tempos to the significance of the text, thus often counteracting Berlioz's finicking care in shaping the music to do little more. One beautiful exception to these strictures must be agreed to at once: in the "Sanctus," Scherchen's control is so well motivated that it saves Berlioz's great but perilous melody and its enharmonic modulations from melting into Gounod-Franck saccharinity, which it is too often allowed to do. For that, he deserves a special scroll from the Berlioz Society.

As Berlioz conceived and composed the Requiem, it is as theatrical as an opera. Deprive it of its dramatic validity and power, and what you have left may be interesting music, but it is certainly far short of being the galvanizing music-drama that it can be. That deprivation is what Scherchen's symphonic predisposition brings about. In the "Lacrymosa," for example, his slowed-down accents in the vigorously rhythmic instrumental parts distort the choral phrases. In the gentler "Agnus dei," the repetitions of the simple text lines become incomprehensible because they are being treated instrumentally. This is not a flaw in microphone placement or any other department of the recording process: it results from Scherchen's wilfulness, a virtuosic lack of respect for Berlioz's clear intention. Tragic is not too strong an adjective for the fact that Scherchen's remarkable ability to evoke exactly what he wants should so often be at the service of eccentric and form-destroying plans.

We are thus left without a satisfactory recorded version of the most magnificent choral work between "Messiah" and Verdi's Requiem. To produce such a satisfactory version is so difficult that we should not be surprised. Orchestra, chorus, and tenor soloist must be of the very first order, capable of virtuosity for meaning's sake. The conductor must be scrupulous; I am tempted to say that he must be either Beecham or French. Above all, he must bring to bear, simultaneously and without interruption, the musico-literary insight able to make the awful drama vibrate throughout the Requiem, the tact to keep it from becoming merely noisy, and the understanding that this is, except when all the voices are silent, a huge theatrical work for voices and instruments, not a composition of symphonic texture in which voices participate.

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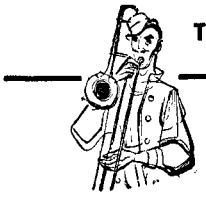


THE AMEN CORNER

Everybody In!

I DO not think that it is the province of the bystander (whether he calls himself a critic or not) to tell musicians what they may do, or what they are likely to do, or, heaven knows, what they should do. But, if I may raise a topic which has been mentioned here before, I wonder whether a good many modern jazz musicians might not derive a great deal of challenge and excitement from receiving what used to be one of the high delights of the earlier jazz. I refer to the procedure known as collective improvisation, with specific reference to the instruments of the front line. Everyone familiar with small-band jazz up to the be-bop era (that is, before 1940) knows that its dynamic spell was cast not only or even mainly by fine solo playing, but in large part by the free style interplay (the collective improvisation) between, say, clarinet, cornet and trombone. Spontaneous polyphony in jazz rhythm is, indeed, the essence of the New Orleans style—at its best a hypnotic form of musical sympathy in which the individual voices urge each other on to a kind of syncopated catharsis.

But the take-your-turn, solo practice steadily encroached on the group joys, and in recent years it has been paramount. This is wholly understandable. Jazz has been working its way into subtler melodic, harmonic and rhythmic procedures, and I think it might be said that the fine modern player has often preferred to go it alone (backed, of course, by his rhythm section) because he proposed to develop something highly intricate and individual, and did not wish to risk polyphonic clashes.

Now I have nothing but admiration for the finest possible solo playing, of the sort which can and should be heard by itself. But in the meantime, two rather sad things have happened: the virtues of group improvisation have mostly gone by the board; and a great many of the ambitious solo flights have been notable for sheer chromatic ingenuity rather than anything that might be described as expressive musical form. In other words, in jazz today there are an awful lot of men who know how to embroider an awful lot of notes through an awful lot of chords. In the general musical context, many of these solos would be called ornament; but the jazz boys do not play them as ornament; they play them as if they constituted a whole building.

The practice of collective improvisation, on the other hand, does not encourage elaborate ornament or far-reaching fantasias. It is a disciplined business. Each player must be aware of what the others are playing; he must be a part of a group and try to play a contributive and stimulating part. He must, in short, in a measure forget himself and his desire to knock the house down, solo. His reward for this self-forgetfulness may be, as the great religions tell us, a new sense of community, of immersion in something larger than himself. What a discovery. And what music it has produced!

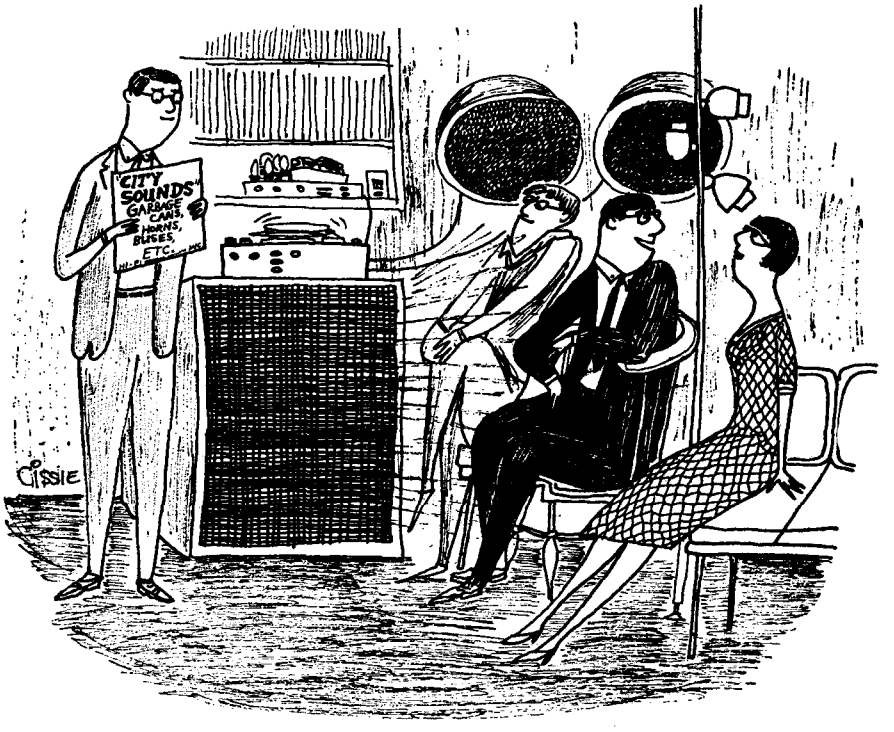
That is why I should like to hear a renaissance of collective improvisation.

These comments have been inspired by the Gerry Mulligan Quartet in "Reunion with Chet Baker" (World Pacific PJ-1241). A few years ago the baritone saxaphone of Mulligan and the trumpet of Baker were among the most slyly alluring conspirators in the jazz scene. Here they are together again, with Henry Grimes, bass, and Dave Bailey, drums. Mulligan is, of course, a vigorously inventive soloist, and he appears as such in this disc, but he also appears in dulcet companionship with Baker (there is a lovely "My Heart Belongs To Daddy").

Shifting quickly to the other side of the house, we have an indomitable soloist who almost invariably has something to say. Even so, the tenor saxophonist, Sonny Rollins, has had the wisdom to back himself with Oscar Pettiford, bass, and Max Roach, drums. This duo not only add up to a superlative rhythm section; they are also insinuating voices in and around Rollins in a fashion possible only for masterly string bass and percussion players. Here, the rear line really moves into the front line. The album "Freedom Suite" (Riverside RLP 12-258) devotes one whole side to the title work, which is a robust demonstration by all hands. And when Rollins lets go on a number of ballads, his punch and savor and rhythmic mischievousness (he is an intoxicating disturber of phrase lengths) are irresistible.

WYNTON KELLY is a pianist of warmth, rhythmic vigor and refined taste—one of those durable performers one would like to hear all night (after the flashier men have had their innings). He is surrounded by the superb rhythms of Kenny Burrell, guitar, Paul Chambers, bass, and Philly Joe Jones, drums, and I think I can suggest the pleasure the group gives me by saying that I almost felt I was hearing "Dark Eyes" for the first time (Riverside RLP 12-254).

—WILDER HOBSON.



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THE OTHER SIDE

PRE-SEPTEMBER SONG

LONDON.

AUGUST has brought scarcely any new records, but there is considerable tension in the air as we are approaching the opening of this year's Radio Show—August 27—and with it the official launching of stereo discs by Decca and EMI. I fear that Pye's attempt to beat the starter's gun in this race has become something of a fiasco, for not only has it failed to follow up the initial June release with a further list, but the records already announced have been withdrawn—presumably for re-processing. Now simultaneous announcements from Decca and EMI will force upon Pye a further, ignominious retreat: the prices allocated to various Pye stereo labels were roughly 20 percent up on equivalent monaural discs, but Decca and EMI have decided—presumably after mutual consultation—that stereo discs shall cost no more and no less than present labels!

This announcement, I confess, has taken everyone by surprise and must represent something of a volte-face, since it seems unthinkable that Pye's prices were determined without reference to the other companies. One can only surmise that a reassessment of the situation convinced the respective sales departments that, in view of present trends, stereo discs could not hope to make headway unless offered at par. Even this parity may be something of an illusion—quite apart from any question of equipment expenditure—since the present trend is very much in the direction of cheaper LP discs. Already we have had Decca's "Ace of Clubs" reprint series to combat the growing power of record clubs; this autumn is likely to see the emergence of several new companies specialising in cut-price discs—some of them selling through normal trade channels, others bypassing these (e.g. the Rank Organization, which is proposing to sell classical and "pop" LPs in cinemas under its control!)

So far EMI and Pye have shown no signs of trying to meet this situation, but the Decca group is soon to issue RCA Camden discs over here while Philips, having already several "economy labels" on its roster, has now launched a new "Classical Favourites" series of seven-inch EP and ten-inch LP discs. Yet, apart from a distinctive and undeniably attractive cover design shared by these discs (but each incorporating a striking color-photo of its own), there is little to distinguish this series from other Philips labels—indeed the prices—27s.10d. for 10-inch and 15s.3d. for the EPs—have come as a disappointment to many who expected something on the lines of Decca's Medium Play (LD-series) label. For the most part the ten-inch discs offer material normally found on one side of a twelve-inch LP, such as the Oistrakh/Ormandy Mendelssohn and Mozart (D major) Concertos, Beecham's performance of the "Jupiter" Symphony (his earlier, Columbia recording), Beethoven 8 (van Kempen), Schubert "Unfinished" (van Beinum) and Beethoven 5 (Ormandy). On the seven-inch label we find some miniature concertos as well as some shorter works—"1812" Overture, "Caprice Espagnol," Brahms's Haydn Variations—spread over two sides.

The only Decca LP issues announced for August are a pair of Gilbert and Sullivan re-makes (with an eye on stereo, no doubt) by the D'Oyly Carte Company—"The Mikado" and "The Pirates of Penzance"—which should please Savoyards who prefer a more traditional approach and spurn HMV's recent "Mikado" and "Gondoliers," with their operatic star casts. A brief EMI list contains a Beethoven disc by Sir Thomas which features one of the conductor's favorites, the Second Symphony, together with six pieces (Overture, Turkish March and four choruses) from "The Ruins of Athens." This is a most enjoyable issue, but in a Sibelius miscellany ("Karelia," "Swan of Tuonela," "En Saga," and Romance in C) it is, alas, not Sir Thomas who conducts the Royal Philharmonic but Anthony Collins.

It was high time that John Ireland's fine Piano Concerto found a place in the LP catalogue, but HMV could have done better than to couple this work, agreeably performed by Colin Horsley and the Royal Philharmonic under Cameron, with Stravinsky's Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra; the two pieces, though as near contemporary as makes no difference, make an ill-matched pair, as do Brahms Waltzes and Scriabin Preludes, coupled on another HMV disc by Gina Bachauer.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

READING NEEDS OF THE BLIND

VED MEHTA'S "Reading from Records" (*SR* July 26) is the vigorous reaction of one articulate blind college graduate to a service which our Government is endeavoring to maintain for all blind persons in our country. It cannot be denied that the day-to-day users of a service are usually its sharpest critics, and no doubt there are many individual blind persons who will agree with Mr. Mehta in his specific criticisms.

However, to recommend improvements and to gain public support for them usually require the presentation of facts and figures derived from scientifically sound research or study. Just such a study has been conducted by the American Foundation for the Blind with the assistance of a group of nationally known and distinguished librarians. In the resulting 1957 publication, "Survey of Library Services for the Blind," Mr. M. Robert Barnett, Executive Director of the Foundation, himself blind, states that "adequate library service for blind persons has always been a vexing and perplexing one." The study concludes with definite conclusions and recommendations, some of which bear out Mr. Mehta's individual reactions while others represent more nearly the most equitable way of meeting some of the reading needs of a very heterogeneous group of people ranging in age from childhood through old age and encompassing a wide scope of educational background, economic status, and emotional and spiritual need. This survey, setting forth the present governmental library service for all blind people, plus Mr. Mehta's article representing the frustrations of a blind Rhodes Scholar to that current service, should serve to alert all those concerned to the necessity for improvement in both quality and quantity in meeting the reading needs of blind people.

KATHERN F. GRUBER, *Director, Division of Research and Specialist Services, American Foundation for the Blind, Inc.*
New York, N. Y.

NEW PAPA

JOSEPH WECHSBURG'S report from Vienna (*SR* July 26) stands as a major musicological event, in its on-the-spot creation of a new figure to grace the hallowed halls of music. I refer, of course, to Mr. "Nonpapa." I am sure that a somewhat better-known composer named Clèment would be delighted to meet his newly-created contemporary.

ALAN RICH.
Berkeley, Calif.

MUSICIAN FILS

WHO IS THIS fellow Nonpapa? Has Mr. Wechsburg ever read any of the works of Fils, the French author who wrote—among other things—"The Three Musketeers"? Not that Fils had anything direct to do with Jacques Clèment, whose dates were around 1475-1550.

PAUL LEWINSON.
Arlington, Va.

WHERE'S MILANOV?

IN RECORDINGS Aug. 1954 I.K. indicated that RCA Victor was giving consideration to a recording of "Norma" with Zinka Milanov. Do you know if definite plans have been formulated for such a recording?

J. E. SPENCER, JR.
Clarksville, Texas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Interest is still alive, but no action has been taken.*

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1275

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

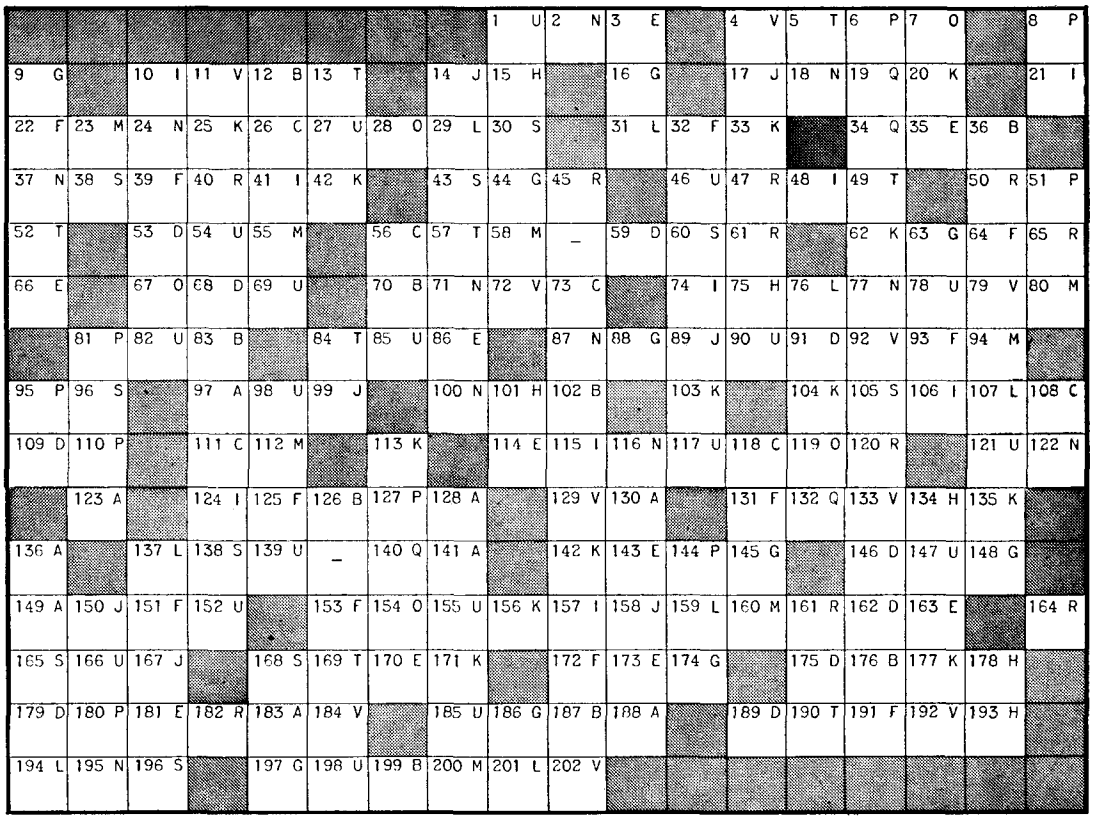
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Certain spring finery beloved by womankind (2 wds.).	128 136 188 141 183 130 97 123 149
B. Of modern times (comp.).	12 176 126 102 36 83 70 199 187
C. First part of a hyphenated name of a fine Italian automobile before World War II.	118 73 111 108 56 26
D. Cities and smaller communities along the seaboard (2 wds.).	189 53 146 91 59 162 109 175 68 179
E. Man whom Gunther calls "most important in the U.S.S.R. since 1955."	66 173 181 3 163 35 114 143 86 170
F. Admit to membership, esp. in a college.	131 22 172 191 93 153 64 39 125 32 151
G. A theater devoted principally to productions of music dramas (2 wds.).	88 145 148 63 16 44 9 186 197 174
H. Order of Rhizopoda having thick, irregular pseudopodia.	178 101 134 15 193 75
I. Current colloquial expression to seize hold of (2 wds.; not in Webster as a phrase).	124 106 157 21 74 115 48 10 41
J. Being of dark complexion.	99 89 158 17 14 150 167

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Properties occupied under a tenancy which may be ended at wish of either party to the contract (3 wds.).	135 142 104 103 25 171 33 113 62 42 156 177 20
L. Conditional subordinate word group (comp.)	31 137 107 159 194 76 29 201
M. Letting fall.	200 112 58 23 94 160 55 80
N. Frenchman who built first practical balloon, 1783.	116 2 195 87 100 71 77 37 24 18 122
O. Little Ann in Spain.	154 119 28 7 67
P. Septentrional from something else (3 wds.).	6 144 110 8 127 95 81 51 180
Q. Mother of Octavian.	19 34 140 132
R. Replenishments to the wardrobe (2 wds.).	61 182 47 65 40 45 164 50 120 161
S. Vested interest in the real estate of a spouse (2 wds.).	196 60 43 38 96 105 138 168 165 30
T. Symbol in form of a Greek cross with ends of all the arms bent at right angles in the same direction, usually clockwise.	49 57 190 52 84 169 13 5
U. A welding torch using a mixture of two gases (2 wds.).	82 139 1 85 152 69 147 46 185 98 90 117 27 121 54 155 78 198 166
V. Pinpointing the time, as in "Scots, Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled" (4 wds.).	79 129 4 202 184 92 72 192 11 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words, if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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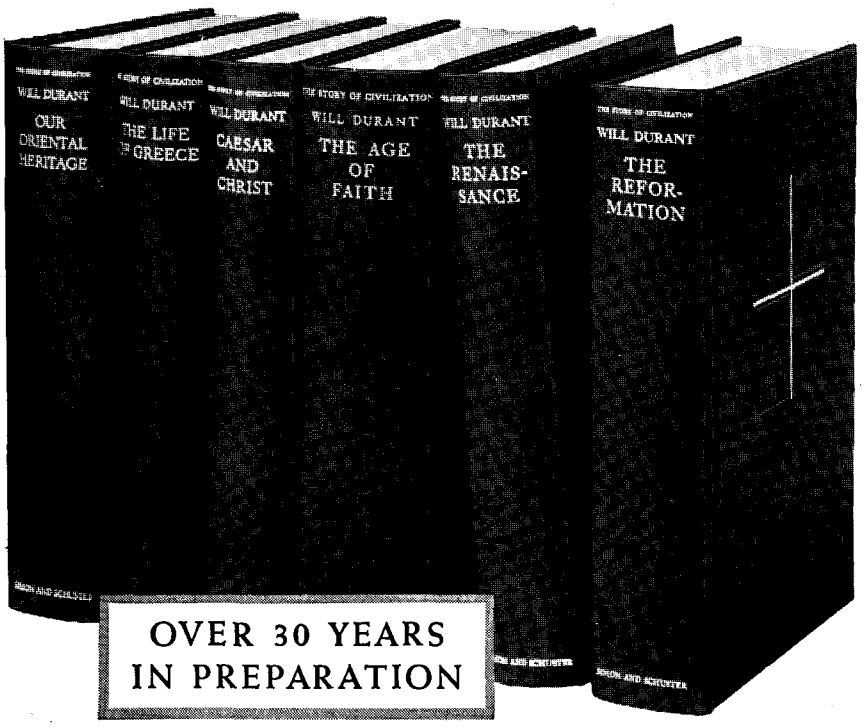

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